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Taking Time by the Forelock?

THOUGH it is unlikely that any final decision has yet been taken, there is now plenty of evidence that the Labour Party machine is being tuned up for an autumn election. Those who know the Prime Minister, however, are still uncertain whether he has made up his mind to this hazardous enterprise. Earlier this summer an election, following immediately after the Scarborough conference, was only considered possible on two conditions: first, a successful outcome of the negotiations in Persia and Korea, and secondly, a continued improvement in the public support of the Labour Party as evinced by the Gallup Poll. Neither condition has been fulfilled. There is little reason to hope for an agreement with the Persians or a cease-fire in Korea before the end of October. As for the Labour Party's popularity, the Gallup graph—after a steady rise from the low point it reached last February—sagged slightly in July, and this drop was repeated even more sharply and ominously in August.

The reasons for this new, and accelerated, slump in Labour's popularity are difficult to elucidate; but a detailed examination of the Gallup figures suggests that an important part of the explanation is to be found in the public reaction to dividend limitation. Mr. Gaitskell announced this policy last July partly in order to dish the Bevanites and partly in the hope of inducing the trade unions to accept wage restraint. But at Blackpool it was clear enough that the Trades Union Congress is concerned very properly to maintain the real wages of its members, and is not impressed by a political device which merely postpones for three years some of the profits of the rentier class. By playing politics so obviously Mr. Gaitskell has got the worst of both worlds. He has failed to provide a battle cry for the Labour movement while on the other hand he has destroyed the reputation for soundness which he enjoyed with the floating voter. Vaguely aware of a widening dollar gap and an imminent fuel shortage, the man in the street feels uneasily that the country is heading for another of its autumn crises, and that in the absence of Sir Stafford Cripps there is no one in the Government capable of mastering it.

Why, then, should the Prime Minister even consider the possibility of dissolving Parliament this October? A few weeks ago it could have been argued that an early election was necessary to prevent a split in the Party as the result of Mr. Bevan's resignation and the publication of *One Way Only*. But the complete steam-rollering of even the mildest manifestations of Bevanism at the Trades Union Congress at Blackpool shows that the party machine will have little to fear at Scarborough. Very many of the constituency party delegates will be profoundly uneasy about the size of the rearmament programme, the inroads it is making into the social services, the rearmament of Germany and Japan, and the increasing subordination of British to American policy. But the very weakness of the Labour Party leadership will be its strongest defence in the Conference Hall. All its critics will be scared of publicly weakening it still further. Indeed, the deeper the misgivings of the rank and file, the louder will be their protestations of loyalty and their wrath against anyone who dares to "rock the boat."

Here at last we may have hit on the real case for an autumn election. If the Government could expect, with any confidence, to survive the winter, there would be every reason, electoral and personal, why Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison should hang on and hope for something to turn up. But with two critical by-elections due this October, are there any grounds for such confidence? Suppose the Conservatives were to win both Lanark and Droylsden by resounding majorities, would it not be wellnigh impossible to resist a demand for a General Election? Mr. Attlee may well feel that it is preferable not to run this risk, but to resign at a time, and on issues, of his own choosing.

Important Decisions in Washington

Newspaper comment on the Foreign Ministers' talks just concluded in Washington has tended to suggest that the discussions have been exploratory rather than decisive. But, even if no firm decisions are announced, it may be assumed that they have none the less been taken. Mr. Acheson has been discussing with Mr. Morrison and M. Schuman a wide range of problems. The German contribution to Western defence, the possibility of reinforcing U.N. strength in Korea—if as now seems likely the truce talks fail—the position of Greece and Turkey, East-West trade, the Middle East and Indo-China, are all subjects which have come under review. Mr. Gaitskell, in Washington for a meeting of the International Monetary Fund, joined Mr. Morrison for some of the discussions. He has a particularly delicate British interest to represent on East-West trade, and on the financing of German rearmament, the cost of which in the German view can appropriately be borne by almost anybody except Germany. The significance of the meeting in the framework of Anglo-American relations is that there has never been more complete identity

of view between the two Governments. British restiveness at some aspects of American policy, which was openly expressed until recently, is now almost completely muted in return for American support of British interests in the Middle East. To suggest that decisions—and major ones—have not been taken in principle at such an intimate and exclusive meeting is naive in the extreme. It is probable, in fact, as we suggested last week, that the whole pattern of N.A.T.O. and Anglo-American defence policy over the next six months has been marked out, leaving the more public speeches at subsequent meetings to reconcile Atlantic opinion to firm decisions which have been taken in its name at Washington this week. Meanwhile, Mr. Gaitskell in open session at the Monetary Fund talks has been expressing anxiety about the British dollar balance, in reply to pleas by Mr. Truman and the Canadian Finance Minister, singularly ill-timed in view of the growing impact of rearmament, for a reduction of foreign exchange restrictions.

Pressure on Persia

It seems that the Cabinet has now despaired of bringing Dr. Moussadek to terms. Apart from the declaration that further negotiation with the Persian Premier would be fruitless, it has gone further and cut off Persia from the facilities of the sterling pool. This action, which comes close to sanctions, serves notice that the British Government—after seeking an agreement—has decided to substitute sternness for bazaar diplomacy. No decision on further steps has yet been announced, and it is not clear how far London may be prepared to go in holding the position at Abadan should Dr. Moussadek attempt to take over the refinery. But the aim of British policy is now, certainly, to seek the removal of Dr. Moussadek. No doubt, "unofficial" channels are being used to win over a section of the Majlis and perhaps to pave the way for the replacement of Dr. Moussadek by a more pliable politician, such as Ziad-el-Din, who would then reopen negotiations with London. The problem, however, is that most politicians who would be "acceptable" here, would not be "acceptable" in Teheran to Nationalists whose appetite has already been whetted. Whether their intransigence will be stimulated, or their prestige discredited, by British pressure, is guess-work.

The Vicious Circle

The delegates to the Trades Union Congress, in rejecting the Government's argument against the early implementation of Equal Pay in the Civil Service, were swayed in part by the feeling that, unless something is done quickly by a Government which has accepted the principle, a change of Government may before long destroy the chance. On the wider issues connected with wages, profits, prices, and public controls, Congress spoke neither with a clear nor with a single voice. The confusions of Mr. Roberts's presidential address and of the General Council's Economic Report re-appeared in the composite resolution moved by Mr. Williamson of the General Workers. This resolution called on the Government to do five things—to stiffen and extend price-controls over home produced goods, to reconcile its policy of limiting subsidies to a fixed amount, to study with a view to action present methods and costs of distribution, to control more strictly not only distributed profits but also bonus issues, and to take off purchase tax from household necessities. Mr. Williamson did not go on to explain how any of them could for the present make more consumers' goods available to meet additional demand arising either from wage increases or from the reduced prices these very measures are meant to bring about.

The further composite resolution moved by Mr. Stevens of the Electrical Trades Union and voted down by Congress by 5,284,000 to 2,199,000, demanded all-round wage increases at the expense of profits; but here again the supporters failed to show how more consumers' goods could be provided—unless indeed they had in mind a drastic curtailment of physical investment as well as of spending on armaments. Nor did they meet the point that higher wages at the expense of profits would mean large increases for engineers but none for railwaymen or public employees. So it was left, as Mr. Roberts had left it, that the trade unions are justified in making moderate wage demands to compensate for rising living costs and in pressing the Government to keep the cost of living down, but that, at the same time, rearmament and rising import prices are bound to involve "sacrifices"—not further specified. This means, in effect, that the union leaders will demand as little as their members will let them, and that the consequences will be left to look after themselves. The hostility to any form of "national wages policy" remains fully as strong as ever.

Cold War by Tariffs

The sixth session of the Contracting Parties to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, which opens in Geneva on Monday, is meeting in unpromising circumstances. The protracted fifth session at Torquay, last winter, seemed to have achieved at least one good result: it agreed that all the tariff concessions concluded up to that time should be stabilised for three years. On August 10, however, the U.S. Government notified the Secretariat at Geneva that it proposed unilaterally to withdraw from Czechoslovakia all tariff concessions granted by the U.S. Since Czech-American trade has shrunk to a negligible trickle, this step may not have much immediate practical importance. It establishes, however, a precedent which goes far to undermine the validity of the General Agreement, and it carries with it the sinister implication that tariffs are a legitimate weapon of cold war. Britain has so much to lose by a new period of tariff wars that the American action can hardly be regarded without anxiety in Whitehall.

Indecisive Poll in Greece

Results in the Greek elections fall into a pattern now familiar in Western Europe. The "defence of the West," it seems, is inseparable from reinforcement of the extreme Right. Field-Marshal Papagos, an elderly version of General De Gaulle, emerges from Sunday's polling at the head of a party which secured more than one-third of the votes. Like De Gaulle, Papagos has "rallied" both the "old Right" and the "new Right"—the pro-Axis extremists of the years of occupation, the financial and commercial bosses, the *nouveaux riches* of the years of dollar aid, and all those, in short, who have failed to get their fingers into the pie of parliamentary corruption or who, having got their fingers in, have found the supply of parliamentary plums running short of expectation. Of the principal bourgeois parties, one or two have almost completely disappeared; and there remain in the field as substantial rivals of Papagos only the parties of Venizelos and Plastiras. Like the "centre parties" of France, these two in Greece may still be able to keep Papagos narrowly out of power, at any rate for the time being. The E.L.D. (Social-Democratic) party of Svolos has gathered the harvest of its wavering timidity, and has failed to win even one seat. The new Left alliance, E.D.A., on the contrary, though openly enjoying the support of the outlawed Communist Party, has acquired the best part of 200,000 votes: a poll of half this number, according to a statement broadcast some days before the election by Zachariades, the Greek Communist leader, would be "a tremendous big achievement." Even so, P.R. will operate in such a way as to give E.D.A., with 11 per cent. of the votes, only 11 seats; Venizelos, with 19 per cent., will receive 52 seats.

These strangely contradictory results—a reinforcement of the Right and even of the Left—were no stranger than the elections themselves. Women, as usual, were completely barred from the vote. Civil servants, a very wide definition in Greece, were likewise debarred from voting anywhere but in the constituencies where they were born, which effectively disfranchised a great part of this embittered legion. Policemen and gendarmes, on the contrary, were allowed to vote wherever they happened to be at the time: their votes, after all, were unlikely to go to E.D.A. Lastly, special polling booths were provided for the army; and, as usual, there is the strong assumption that the counting, as well as the voting, will in this case make sure that the "forces of law and order" shall prevail.

Perhaps more significant in the long run than the electoral success of Papagos, however, is the return to political influence of the Communists and their allies. Although E.D.A. is evidently something of a hotch-potch of ideas and opinions, there is no doubt that it represents the same sections of the population who formerly voted Left or Communist. The party was even able to put up as candidates (under a system of "reinforced P.R." somewhat similar to that lately adopted in France) about a score of the principal political exiles, including General Sarafis, Manolis Glezos, Professor Despotoulos, and Tony Ambatielos; and these four have been elected. Will they be allowed to take their seats? That is a question.

French Church and Employers Win

Our Paris Correspondent writes:

Substantial State aid to Catholic schools was voted by the French Assembly early on Monday morning, after three weeks of angry debates, by 322 votes to 251, the Communists, Socialists and most of the Radicals voting against, and the Gaullists, the Right and the M.R.P. voting in favour. The members of the Pleven Government abstained. To any non-Frenchman all the fuss and bother over this seemingly small matter, involving an expenditure of only some £14m., is often hard to understand, and he is likely to be moved by the argument that certain teachers in the "Free" (*i.e.*, Catholic) schools are very badly

paid and that the State schools are unable to accommodate all the children. To the French mind, however, Monday's vote involves a formidable principle and, as was pointed out by Socialist speakers, undermines the system of lay education which has remained unchallenged for the last fifty years—except under the Vichy regime; constitutes a subsidy towards the clericalisation of France, and is, to say the least, the thin end of the wedge—even after M. Pleven, threatened with the resignation of the Radicals from his Cabinet, had succeeded in removing a clause reviving an old Vichy law whereby local authorities could make advances to Church schools from local funds. But it is not only a religious, it is also a political question. For example, the teaching of history is often radically different in the two types of school. Thus, in clerical schools the French Revolution and the Commune are both treated as one continuous atrocity, while any successes achieved by the Republic are minimised and criticised with hostility.

The Bill, as finally voted, provides for public funds being paid direct to the schools, both State and clerical, at the rate of 1,000 francs per pupil during every quarter—the money to be used for new school buildings in the case of the State schools, and for increasing the teachers' pay in the case of the Catholic schools. A Socialist speaker who declared the whole thing to be "a subsidy to the Roman Catholic Church"—a subsidy not shared by Protestant or any other religious bodies—severely attacked the M.R.P. and part of the Radicals for playing the game of reaction, and M. Charles Lussy, the leader of the Socialist group in the Assembly, warned these Centre parties that the "Republican majority" which had emerged from the election was becoming a mockery. On the other hand, M. Soustelle, speaking for the Gaullists, was jubilant for exactly the same reason, and indicated that the Centre parties were "beginning to learn their stuff." The "Third Force," he said, had become a ghost.

The cost of living in France has, especially in the last two months, been going up by leaps and bounds, and a certain wage increase had become inevitable if complete unity of action by the Communist, Socialist and Catholic trade unions was to be avoided. Therefore, the Government finally decided that the minimum wage should be increased by 15 per cent to 100 francs (2s.) an hour, which means 20,000 francs (£19 10s.) a month in the case of workers doing a full 45-hour week. (Less in the case of those doing a 40-hour week or less.) Soft soap oozed from the radio when M. Pleven spoke to the "People of France" about it on Monday night. But with bread going up from 39 francs to 50 francs a kilo, with coal, gas and electricity prices sharply rising, with transport having become in some cases literally prohibitive (a mile in a Paris bus now costing between 5d. and 7d.), and all food prices soaring (despite a doubtful attempt to force a 10 per cent. cut on butchers), nobody, except the employers, is satisfied. All the trade unions (Socialist, Communist and Catholic) demanded that the minimum wage be fixed at 23,000 francs a month, and they estimated that the cost of living had gone up since March by 20 per cent. The Government preferred to accept as a basis of calculation the Federation of Employers' figure of 9½ per cent., an obviously absurd estimate. In the circumstances, despite all political differences, the whole of the trade union movement is being forced, through pressure from the rank and file, into a limited form of united action, while the Socialist Party may willy-nilly be compelled to go into permanent opposition, as was hinted at by M. Lussy on Monday morning.

India and Pakistan

DR. FRANK GRAHAM, the U.N. mediator in the Kashmir dispute, has now completed his task and retired to Geneva to write his report. His report will, no doubt, contain an admirable analysis of the causes of the tension, but everyone will be agreeably surprised if he has found a solution which has any chance in present circumstances of being accepted by either party. Many newspapers, both in this country and elsewhere, conclude from this gloomy outlook that no alternative solution remains but that of war. We believe this to be both misguided and dangerous.

Contrary to the common impression, India and Pakistan have reached agreement on many difficult problems since the Sub-Continent was partitioned. Some of these problems—those arising from the vast trek of refugees, for instance—seemed almost as intractable as the Kashmir dispute itself. At one moment of peculiar tension, the two Premiers met with excellent results; issues that sounded insoluble in newspaper articles were quickly and successfully dealt with in personal discussion between two able men who respected each other. It is high time another attempt was made on the same lines. Liaquat, an astute business man, knows well that war can only start through the fanaticisms of those who threaten his position even while to-day they acknowledge his leadership; Pandit Nehru, normally the most reasonable of human beings, is certainly anxious to ease the pressure on Liaquat's position and remove all plausible excuses for Pakistan's aggression. Nehru's authority has now been greatly reinforced by his complete victory over the nationalist conservatives in the Congress Committee.

Kashmir is not vital to either India or Pakistan. From India's point of view, the coveted tourist trade into the Valley is merely an agreeable adjunct to the affectionate attachment which is felt for the loveliest of holiday resorts. India's arguments are not economic. Nor in reality are Pakistan's, for Pakistan is an exporting country which in matters of foodstuffs and agricultural produce is in a stronger position than India. On only two points are Pakistan's vital economic interests affected; Pakistan needs assurance that the logs which float down the waterways from Kashmir into the West Punjab will not be diverted, and she needs safeguards against any tampering with the head waters of the rivers on which much of her economic life depends. No one can doubt that Pandit Nehru would agree to any reasonable proposal made to him on these points. He has already taken a most useful step towards pacification by removing all Indian troops to positions twenty miles behind the cease-fire line. We add one further suggestion. It would seem to us wise for him also to make a constructive and public declaration about the conditions to which he would agree for the plebiscite which he promised when India accepted Kashmir's accession.

Nehru is pre-eminently a man of his word, and he gives a handle to his enemies when he allows it to be said that Liaquat has promised to accept any settlement proposed by the United Nations while he himself has so far found reasons for rejecting the conditions proposed for the plebiscite. We may hold that he has had good grounds for objection, but it remains true that on this he has been mainly negative. Many people seem to have forgotten how India ever came to occupy Kashmir. It was Pakistan, not India, which invaded the Valley with fire and slaughter in 1947; it was the Premier of the North-West Province who sought to conquer Kashmir for Pakistan by rousing the wildest tribesmen with the cry of a "holy war" and aiding them to pour through the mountain passes burning and looting as they came. Srinagar, the famous capital, was only just saved from the tragic fate of Baramulla by the timely arrival of the Indian army which had not moved into Kashmir until the Maharajah sought its protection and adhered to Delhi.

India has stood firmly on the legal sovereignty thus conferred upon her. But no legal argument changes the fact that Kashmir to-day is effectively partitioned and must remain so except as a result of war. Both Karachi and Delhi are aware that Poonch and the mountain areas of Kashmir are incorporated in Pakistan, and that Jammu is now as clearly Indian and as inseparable from India as the East Punjab itself. The whole situation would be transformed if this were publicly admitted. Fear of conceding an important legal point to the other side has so far prevented the rival claimants from making a simple and straightforward admission of the facts. In fairness to India it must be said, however, that in the Spring of 1950 Delhi did make a proposal for regional plebiscites which involved a recognition of the fact of partition; its acceptance would have narrowed the ground to the single live issue of the future of the Valley. Would not India to-day regain the initiative and clarify the issues if Nehru added to his last most useful rebuke to India's extremists by publicly renouncing any interest in conquering areas which India does not, and ought not, to desire? In that case, it would be hard for Liaquat not to be similarly frank.

Few people in Britain, if one may judge from the press, understand the issue of principle that is most at stake in this dispute. *Punch* was comically astray in a recent cartoon which represented Nehru as betraying in Kashmir the principles of Mahatma Gandhi. In point of fact, Gandhi was quite as unwilling as Nehru to concede Kashmir to Pakistan. Both men felt deeply on the matter and maintained the same basic position. Pakistan is a Muslim State based on religious principles, making no pretence of believing that a Hindu and a Mussulman are of equal value in the sight of God or man. India is to-day a secular State, moving towards a democracy in which, in Nehru's words, minorities may live at peace. India is not "Hindustan." Within India there are nearly forty million Muslims. If once Pakistan's notion of dividing up the Sub-Continent on religious lines were accepted, the very basis

of the Indian Dominion would be destroyed, and lawlessness and massacre would break out all over the Sub-Continent on a scale unequalled even in modern history. It is no wonder that some of the most fervent supporters of Pandit Nehru are Muslims. If the religious enthusiasts of Pakistan had their way, what could prevent the victory in India of that Hindu nationalism which is as fanatical as its counterpart in Pakistan, and which is now kept in check by Nehru and his political friends? If Karachi were to begin a war, nothing could save millions of Muslims in Bengal, in Bombay, in central India or in Hyderabad from massacre at the hand of Hindu fanatics who have yet to be persuaded of the merits of Nehru's democratic, tolerant and secular India.

If it were better understood in this country that Nehru cannot and ought not to yield to the argument that Kashmir should belong to Pakistan just because it has a large majority of Muslims, then perhaps the press in the West would strive more zealously than it now does to ease the tension between the two Dominions. There appears to be some vague notion abroad that Pakistan is an ally of the West and India perhaps on the wrong side in the Cold War. This is a delusion. The new nationalism of the Moslem world is no more certain than India to support the West. Indeed, if war should come between India and Pakistan, it would be an immeasurable disaster for the West; the only Power certain to reap advantage would be the Soviet Union. War between India and Pakistan might, of course, like any other war to-day, prove the starting point of world war. But in itself this conflict is independent of the world struggle; it belongs to a past category of wars in which religious and mainly irrational factors played the part that in modern history we have come increasingly to attribute to economic and secularly ideological factors.

We in the West may disagree amongst ourselves about the measure of blame we attribute to Delhi or Karachi. We may have reasons of personal experience which put us rather on the side of Pakistan or India. As far as possible we should put these sympathies aside in this crisis. It is admitted that the first blow in a war will not come from India, if only because India has nothing to gain and everything to lose by being the aggressor. The chance of war starting through a genuine frontier incident is now reduced to a minimum by the withdrawal of India's troops well beyond the cease-fire line. It remains urgent that India should make, as we have suggested, a positive declaration about the conditions of the plebiscite and do all in her power to ease genuine Pakistan fears about the security of her water communications. But it is surely far more important in this crisis for all friends of Pakistan to use their influence to urge on Karachi the path of moderation, and to warn the extremists that aggression could not be justified, that the war which they now talk of so freely could only mean the destruction of their country and a tragic communal struggle throughout India in which Muslims must be the worst sufferers. A grave responsibility in this matter rests on the British press.

At the Victoria Falls

THIS Sunday an important conference assembles at the Victoria Falls, on the borders of Southern and Northern Rhodesia. It is ninety-four years since David Livingstone, walking through Central Africa for the good (as he saw it) of all humanity, Black and White, first saw that stupendous cataract. On the right bank of the Zambezi, in the years between, White settlers have established a colony where the interests of the White man are in every respect preferred to those of the Black man. On the left bank of the Zambezi, in Northern Rhodesia, and further eastward in Nyasaland, the Imperial Government has two Protectorates where White interests are paramount neither in theory nor, in certain respects, even in practice. The task of Sunday's conference, which will certainly carve a place for itself in the history books, is to examine proposals for a federal union of these three territories that should strike a compromise between two sharply opposed conceptions of government—permanent White paramountcy on the one hand, and the "trusteeship of backward peoples" on the other.

Mr. Griffiths, the Colonial Secretary, will arrive at the Victoria Falls after nearly three weeks of hard work in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. Those who have admired Mr. Griffiths's frank and straightforward approach to political questions in the past will not have been disappointed with him on this occasion. The representatives of the two million Africans of Nyasaland have found that they could meet him as man to man, while the few Europeans in the territory have had no reason to complain of casual treatment by the spokesman of a Government to whose politics they are generally opposed. African rejection of federation was expressed unanimously by all district councils, the three provincial councils, the Protectorate Council, and the Nyasaland Congress. Mr. Griffiths seems to have been present at something like the birth of an African nation.

After Nyasaland, Mr. Griffiths tackled Northern Rhodesia in what seems to have been the same spirit. He refused to be deterred from listening to African organisations by White settlers who argue that the uneducated African is too stupid to possess an opinion worth listening to, while the educated African, the "intellectual," is "not representative." He listened to them all, Black as well as White. What is already clear, in advance of Sunday's conference, is that all organised African opinion in these two territories is firmly and even furiously opposed to any form of "closer association," federal or not, with Southern Rhodesia. Even backward Basutoland will have none of it. What is perhaps more surprising, in the circumstances, is the moderation and skill with which the Africans have put their case. African chiefs, politicians, trade union officials, and others have all said substantially the same thing, and they have said it with patience and persistence: they are convinced that the rights they already possess under imperial protection, and those they may hope to achieve, would all be stultified and brought to nothing if these two Protectorates were brought into a union with a colony where the paramountcy of the White man, in all fields of life, is a sacred fact to all but a handful of the settlers. This is the supreme reason why many observers—this journal included—have held that the present proposals for "closer association" ought not to be carried through, at any price, and that federation in Central Africa is therefore premature.

But Mr. Griffiths will not be the only British Minister at the Victoria Falls. Mr. Gordon Walker, the Minister for Commonwealth Relations, will also be there after a week's tour of Southern Rhodesia. And the two Ministers will meet not only political representatives from European and African organisations in all three territo but also Sir Godfrey Huggins, the Prim inister of Southern Rhodesia, and Mr. Roy Welensky, the leader of the European "unofficials" in the Legislative Council of Northern Rhodesia. Both these political leaders are veteran advocates for the fusion of the two Rhodesias.

Mr. Gordon Walker will have found a situation different from that in Northern Rhodesia or Nyasaland only in degree. The White settlers of Southern Rhodesia have enjoyed self-government for nearly thirty years, number about 150,000 (or three times the number of White men in Northern Rhodesia, and about thirty times the number in Nyasaland), and are much more competent to state a persuasive case. The Africans of Southern Rhodesia, by contrast, though they number about two millions, are in poor condition to make their views known; yet they too have expressed themselves strongly against federation. Their very condition to-day is in any case the strongest possible argument against allowing the settlers of Southern Rhodesia the least influence on the lives of Africans north of the Zambezi; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Gordon Walker has fully acquainted himself with this argument. The Statute Book in Salisbury shows that the Southern Rhodesian Legislature has adopted almost every decisive piece of legislation which the Union of South Africa has introduced against the Africans. Dr. Malan himself has defined the racial system of Southern Rhodesia as *Apartheid*; and it is in vain that Sir Godfrey Huggins (who is probably of a more liberal turn of mind than most of his followers) denies it: perhaps uniquely, the facts in this case are with Dr. Malan.

But there is another aspect of the matter to which Mr. Gordon Walker would be well advised to give his attention. Although, on balance, the settlers of Southern Rhodesia seem likely to accept the present set of proposals, they are by no means enamoured of them. Their discussions over the past few months, whether in the press, in their private chambers, or in the smokeroom of the Salisbury Club, have made it clear that they would accept the proposals only with a reservation, a private

reservation, to modify them in their favour later on. They have said openly that the proposals "give too much to the Africans": the newly-formed Rhodesia Party, under Mr. Stockill, had even decided at one point to reject them on these grounds. They dislike intensely even the limited representation given to Africans in the proposed Federal Government and Parliament. Knowing that this is their state of mind, it would be folly to think that constitutional safeguards of African interests could long survive federation.

It is difficult to see how Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Gordon Walker can do other than conclude against federation at this time. For otherwise they will cast away not only every principle of colonial policy for which the Labour Party has stood, but also the friendship for Britain of many million Africans. But this is not to say that the conference need be a waste of time. It could still achieve several useful things. It could afford Mr. Griffiths a useful opportunity to reaffirm the principle of imperial trusteeship; it could afford Mr. Gordon Walker a still more useful opportunity to correct a strong impression, arising largely out of his handling of the case of Seretse Khama, that he is prepared to forego and set aside the British Government's interest in the destiny of Africans south of the Zambezi. And it could afford both Ministers a unique opportunity to urge, with one voice, that the development of Central Africa is inseparably linked with the development of the Central Africans, who form the vast mass of the population.

London Diary

A GRIMLY ironic story comes to me from Germany about one of Hitler's most notorious Gauleiters—Florian, of Düsseldorf. After the war, more fortunate than some of his less disagreeable comrades, he dodged the hangman's noose and was sentenced to a mere six years in jail. At the beginning of this year, the final year or so of his sentence was remitted. Nothing very much in that. After all, so many prominent Nazis were being restored to liberty, even to the positions of power they had held in the Third Reich. But the authorities of North Rhine-Westphalia extended a singularly unstrained quality of mercy to Herr Florian, who had been so remarkably lacking in compassion towards others when he was himself the uncrowned king of the Rhineland. No sooner released from jail, he was admitted to a convalescent home maintained by the State. The liberality of this treatment was pointed by the ironical fact that this particular nursing home still numbered among its patients some of those who, albeit with missing or broken limbs, had survived the treatment meted out to them a few years earlier by Gauleiter Florian. The effect on his nervous system was such that he felt driven to violate the *Hausordnung*, and he did it so often and so violently that he finally had to be removed. This raised a new problem—not unknown to the citizens of Düsseldorf—where to find a house? Once again benevolent authority came to the rescue. Florian was allowed to jump a queue of scores of thousands and was allotted the coveted prize of a brand-new flat in one of the all too few apartment houses built in Düsseldorf on public funds. This struck some people as too much; and in the city council awkward questions were asked by those who still remembered the previous occasion of Florian's residence as a free citizen in Düsseldorf. His last action as Gauleiter had been, in April, 1945, to stage a melodramatic court-martial in Düsseldorf's Park Hotel for the trial of those who disobeyed his lunatic orders to continue suicidal resistance. The Chief Inspector of Police and many others who had disobeyed were shot or hanged on the spot. Then the Gauleiter took steps to "evacuate" himself and his property to wait for better days to come. Now, I hear, he *has* lost his new flat, for the time being at any rate. On political grounds? Not exactly. He had omitted to complete the form of application required by the local housing authorities.

* * *

I am horrified to hear of a scheme for the Admiralty to use the mouth of the Helford River, West of Falmouth, as a torpedo range. Protests have been made by most of the local interests, as well as the National Trust and the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. An inquiry on behalf of the Minister of Local Government and Planning was held on September 6, and the outcome is now awaited. Thousands of people who are not "locals" will be profoundly thankful if the scheme can be abandoned. I suppose the Service Departments must be given space to engage in their lethal training games; but why, out of all the bleak and deserted stretches of the British coast, must this enchanting spot be chosen? The Helford estuary is one of the treasures of the West Country. Scenically, botanically, and climatically, it is unique in Britain and our nearest approach to a Mediterranean coastline. I hope that Mr. Dalton, who can be tough, will not let the Admiralty have their way in this. He might consult the President of the Board of Trade, who is reputed to take a sailor's interest in this area, and could certainly voice some strong objections to the presence of torpedoes in what is still a yachtsman's paradise. I also recommend Mr. Dalton to enlist the support of his determined colleague, the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries. Food production is always the best defence against the armed forces, at least in the battles of Whitehall; and the Helford Estuary grows, so long as it is left in peace, the most excellent of Cornish oysters.

* * *

One of the more unexpected consequences of Mr. Bevan's resignation was a sharp fall in the quality of Labour representation on the various B.B.C. discussion programmes. I doubt whether the formal party political broadcasts really influence many listeners; but much stimulating and useful propaganda for all parties is legitimately done in such regular programmes as *Any Questions* and the television feature, *In the News*. Unfortunately for the Labour Party, some of its best broadcasters—Michael Foot for instance, Tom Driberg, R. H. S. Crossman, Barbara Castle—have all identified themselves with Mr. Bevan. Before the resignation they were all frequent broadcasters. Since announcing their differences with the Government, they have hardly had an engagement between them. The B.B.C., trying as I am sure it does to observe the form of impartiality, has succeeded in censoring a major political controversy and banning some of its most effective radio personalities. I am the more pleased, therefore, to see that Tom Driberg is reappearing on the television programme; and I hope the others will soon follow him. His companion in this week's programme is J. B. Hynd, an orthodox Government supporter, and they are arguing against David Eccles and Dingle Foot. This quartet is a good blend of conformist and non-conformist on each side. It shouldn't be difficult to find a general formula on these lines which would permit the return of the Bevanite broadcasters. I am certain the listening public would appreciate it, and the Labour Party would not in the long run suffer.

* * *

Since the publication last month of Norman MacKenzie's article on Cleaner Food, many correspondents have been writing to Great Turnstile asking where they can obtain fuller information. I can recommend an excellent pamphlet, *Cleaner Food and How to Get It*, by Morley Parry and Ronald Wentworth; published by the Institute of Public Administration, 76A New Cavendish Street, W.1, at 1s. The authors have squeezed into sixteen pages a mass of information concluding with a brief catechism to remind the conscientious reader of his duty. For instance: "Are we . . . objecting sufficiently vigorously when we meet with the lipstick-stained teacup or the waiter who polishes our glass with [a dirty] cloth? Or do we submit for fear of making a scene?" Are we? Or do we? I am afraid that I usually do, though Messrs. Parry and Wentworth have shamed me for the moment into a sort of boy-scout enthusiasm to stand up for Right next time. If only one could be sure of allies! A friend, visiting the South Bank Exhibition last week-end, found a refreshment kiosk serving a queue of people with tea in soiled plastic beakers, which were cleaned between the various pairs of lips which drank from them only by a hasty wipe round the rim with a filthy cloth. He sought out the management and protested. The offence was, I am glad to say, remedied. But not a soul supported him; the queue stood sullen and thirsty, irritated that one busy-body should presume to stand between them and their, possibly toxic, tea. The dumb acquiescence of the English in the face of unnecessary affronts seems to be one of the distinguishing marks of our civilisation. But it is not a hall-mark of virtue.

* * *

My complaint about the difficulty of handling Mrs. Beeton has brought a variety of helpful tips, ranging from the use of a music-stand with the clips up (impracticable in my small kitchen) to placing the book under a sheet of plate glass, an article I seldom have handy. Hamish Hamilton recommends one of his own publications bound in steel rings, a good idea for a slim volume. But Mrs. Beeton encased in steel would be more like the Iron

Maiden. My favourite correspondent said, quite simply: "Hair grips work quite well, and women usually have some handy." This sounds authentic, but what about the bachelors? I still feel sure the publishers can come to their rescue. FLAVUS

HALF A LOAF

Never were Powers more set on peace,
Never men so war-weary,
Never so sure that strife must cease—
That is to say, in theory.
But peace-pledged nations appear nonplussed
To find peacemaking upon them thrust,
Pacification meets mistrust,
A peace too liberal is not just,
As true peace-lovers they should decline
The San Francisco Peace to sign.

Washington's ending the state of war
With sovereign Hirohito;
Peace trips in through the open door—
Crack down on the Soviet veto!
Washington peaceful States assures
A generous Treaty their peace secures,
While the maximum number of signatures,
Will guard the Asians from Soviet lures,
So all should aid in the peace design
And the Washington-Tokyo Treaty sign.

This rash attempt at peace on earth
Is coolly viewed by Britain
Who feels the Pact is hardly worth
The page on which it's written.
But while her counsel is "Go slow!"
With Washington resolved to go,
She makes her peace with the former foe
For Hongkong, Malaya and Borneo,
And Morrison leads the Forty-Nine
The San Francisco Peace to sign.

The 'Frisco Conference shows a gap,
Boycotted by the Asian,
But other countries on the map
Consent with slight persuasion.
Ex-non-belligerent Arab States
And divers neutral associates,
Ever attentive to Peace debates,
With Latin American delegates
From Panama to the Argentine
The Washington-Tokyo Treaty sign.

Never in time did States so yearn
For peace, as an abstraction,
Never await her wished return
With more dissatisfaction.
Washington's Treaty fails to please
Some Europeans, some Japanese,
While half the peace-loving world agrees
Pacific tension it will not ease . . .
But one more war was left behind
When the Washington-Tokyo Peace was signed.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A motorist fined £3 at Salisbury yesterday for exceeding the speed limit said he was reading the Highway Code when police overtook him and made him pull up.—*News Chronicle*. (G. Weinstein.)

In the course of my local investigations I called in the tap-room of a village pub a few miles from Rotherham. I heard a working man order an "Advocaat." To what sort of pass have we arrived when the British working man deserts his traditional pint of native beer for exotic liqueurs from overseas?—*Rotherham Advertiser*. (D. J. Smith.)

A temporary postwoman was said at Coventry yesterday to have pushed 500 rate demands down a drain, because her mother-in-law "got on to her" if she came home late to her baby.—*News Chronicle*. (S. Thorpe.)

Poplar Peasants

LOOKING to the South from the Kentish hills, you see the hop gardens stretch away into the haze, like nothing so much as a loosely woven green tweed laid over the land. And where the pickers have stripped the first acres of the lush bines, the geometry of poles and wires is bare against the trampled brown earth, the weft and warp of the hop yard exposed in patches as if moths have been at the tweed. From soon after seven in the morning until four in the afternoon, eighty thousand hands reach up for the unhooked bines, shred the hop cones into the canvas "bins," working steadily, bushel after bushel, harvesting in the last three weeks of summer the crop that will flavour the winter's beer. Evening comes, and there are queues at the bus stops for trips into Maidstone and Tonbridge; hedges and gates sprout children, there are "towny" prams in the narrow lanes; and from the pickers' camps there drifts a curious smell which blends woodsmoke, bonfires, paraffin, fish, chips and stew into one characteristic odour.

"The Poplar Peasants," said one prosperous local resident. The sneer is revealing, for the distaste in his voice was a crude reflection of much-sentiment in the hop belt that stretches from Tonbridge to Canterbury. It is expressed in the signs outside public houses which read "Home Dwellers Only," while an arrow points to a segregated shed for "Hop Pickers and Friends," in the wire screens that many village shops put across their counters, serving the "hoppers" through a small hatch, and in the sometimes demonstrative care with which chickens and chattels are locked up at night. Press residents on this point, and most of them will insist that personally they have nothing against the hop pickers, that these East Enders are sober, cheerful, clean and friendly (as indeed they are), and that cases of rowdiness or petty larceny may occur elsewhere, but not in their own neighbourhood.

Yet the reputation of social disrepute lingers, nurtured still by rumour, prejudice and memory, strong enough to maintain a pattern of segregation. It is not just a sudden clash of rural and urban cultures, such as one saw in many villages in 1939, when evacuees from the towns were cast into a strange environment. After all, in the hop belt, this annual migration goes back beyond recollection and, for the most part, the same "hoppers" have been going to the same districts for a lifetime, building up local ties and knowledge that makes September almost a homecoming month for them. It is a segregation—as an American friend who was with me in the area also pointed out—that curiously recalls the American South. I do not wish to overstate the comparison, for this is a fleeting parody, not an enduring ugliness. But the residents rationalise their position in precisely the same terms as the Southern White. There are "good" hop pickers and "bad" hop pickers. They romanticise the virtues of those they know—they appreciate best those who keep their place, the "Uncle Toms," the bandanaed grandmas with their smiling, toothless faces—but there is an irrational suspicion of the rest, of the anonymous mass. They will argue that the pickers are really happier having a sing-song in their segregated shed than mixing with the "locals" in the public bar—"like mixes with like," they say—and there is the same talk that you hear from the Whites of being "swamped." Beneath it all is the knowledge that the prosperity of many farms, shops and public houses in the hop districts is dependent upon the labour and the spending of these migrants: the tribulation is borne because it is both short and profitable.

It would be unfair, of course, to say such attitudes are universal, but they are undoubtedly endemic. Yet both "hoppers" and residents know the unwritten rules and have lived with them for generations, and I must report that I could not find any resentment among the pickers. They have comparatively little contact with the local population, for they live in their own camps; their food is delivered by van, or sold in special camp shops, often run by "hopping" shopkeepers who follow their customers from Stepney and Bermondsey; and the press on the public houses—the most likely point of friction—is largely confined to week-ends, when relatives come visiting and there is more free time. Even then, there are household chores to tie the "hoppers" to their camps, meals to be cooked, children to be put to bed, and at the larger camps there are football matches, community singing, talent contests and other diversions, organised in many cases by the Church Army or other religious missions, such as the group of Anglican monks I saw at Paddock Wood, themselves working in the yard to earn money for their overhead expenses.

Indeed, it is clear that for the majority, "hopping" is a preferred and enjoyed holiday from the city. The reasons given vary. Air and sunshine are the most common, one woman going so far as to assure me that while "the air here sets us up for the winter," a seaside holiday was positively injurious to health. There is the pleasure of a happy-go-lucky break in the routine of drab dockland life, the annual reunion with old friends, the blend of family and communal holidaymaking, and there is certainly a pride in tradition, exemplified in the family in which a child has been born "hopping" on the same farm, for at least four generations. The money? I doubt whether it really does much more than cover expenses. The average "bin," filled by a team of two adults and two children, will yield about forty bushels a day, paid at something like ninepence a bushel, though the price varies from one farm to another, those offering better facilities paying a little less, the more remote, or the more primitive, paying more to attract enough pickers. This means between seven and ten pounds per "bin" a week, divided as the team itself decides. The huts, water and sometimes electricity, are free. By the time transport, food, cigarettes and holiday extras are paid for, few families will take much back. But they have, after all, spent three weeks in the country without throwing a further burden on a family budget which may now be almost as tight as it was in pre-war days.

No one pretends that living conditions in the hop fields are luxurious. Many camp sites are squalid; and some look no better than a shanty town thrown up to shelter refugees, though excellent sanitary facilities are provided by some of the brewery companies, such as in the camps built around Paddock Wood by Whitbread's to house nearly three thousand people. But nothing more elaborate is expected or easily afforded for a three-week season. The majority of pickers take the conditions for granted, and I have seen huts that are elaborately furnished by the "hoppers" themselves with everything from wallpaper and linoleum to table runners and china dogs. Some told me that they normally spend August Week in their hut every year, cleaning up, decorating and preparing for the family's full migration at the end of the month.

The superficial picture, in fact, can have changed little in this century, though there have been advances in health, hygiene and social

discipline. And the essentials are far older, though it is hard to say when the East End exodus began. The nettle *humulus lupulus*, whose pollen gives the sharp taste to beer, has certainly been grown in this country since Flemish immigrants introduced it, the story goes, in 1524, when

> Hops, Reformation, bays and beer,
> Came into England all in one year.

This origin may account for so large a concentration in Kent, and for another pocket in Worcestershire, where immigrant Flemish weavers also settled, while the proximity of Kent to London's labour supply has helped to maintain the hop as one of its main crops, though in fact the plant will grow anywhere in England.

But will this generation see the end of "hopping" as a social institution? Some suggest that it may lose its attractiveness in an age of full employment and holidays with pay. There are signs that many of the younger people can afford and prefer to go for a "proper" holiday, and some of the older "hoppers" will tell you that their children "think it beneath them." Yet the farmers—at least in the areas near London—say they have no difficulty in finding enough pickers, and that they are finding that some of their "proletarian" old-timers are now going off to Butlin's and Brighton, and that their places are being taken by the "new poor," the families of clerical workers and other lower middle-class groups who can to-day only afford a camping holiday that pays for itself.

It is not an impending shortage of labour that casts a shadow across the hop gardens, but the advent of the machine. How long before the mechanical picker will come into standard use? In the United States, nearly eighty-five per cent. of the hops are picked by machine, a figure that compares with less than ten per cent. in this country. The team which visited the U.S. last year, under the auspices of the Anglo-American Council on Productivity, has published its admirably documented report this week,* and it is chary of endorsing the general use of the machine under English conditions. For one thing, the average grower here operates twenty-three acres, often uneven or irregular in shape, while the American farms are large-scale, and often laid out for semi-industrial operation. Next, the variety of hops raised in the U.S. is somewhat more suitable for machine picking. Finally, U.S. farmers, whose costs are much lower, are more able to allow for a certain wastage in picking, and American brewers seem willing to take a higher leaf and stem content than is normal here.

More than thirty machines are now in use in England, however, and though most of them are expensive, a number of cheaper and perhaps more satisfactory models have been tried out this year. One, that I have seen, has been produced by a small engineering works at East Peckham. Designed and built on the spot, the nine prototypes produced this summer are frankly experimental. But, unlike some models, they are mobile, they can be pulled down the rows by a tractor, and they can strip hops on both sides at once without uprooting or damaging the actual bines, which "bleed" if cut and thus weaken the plant. Their inventor, Mr. Strettle, frankly confesses that he has not yet removed all the "bugs" from his machines. They do not work effectively, for instance, on wet days, when the fans cannot properly separate the leaves from the hops, nor are the hop-growers—many of them most sceptical of the machine—yet sure that the metal strippers will not bruise the flowers and thus destroy part of their preservative value. But here, at least, is a two-ton machine, manned by a crew of eight, which has stripped 1,200 bines in seven hours. Eight men can pick as much as sixty, and the eight need no special skill. What this machine, when perfected, might do to the traditional economy of the hop-fields can be measured by one estimate that, in three weeks, it can earn back its purchase price of £1,800. The drawback, so far, has been that expensive machines have been uneconomic for the small grower. The cheaper unit may change this picture.

It has another virtue for the farmer. In Mr. Strettle's words, "the chief thing about it is that it can't strike." Now labour troubles or labour organisations are not something that much bothers employers whose labour descends on them for three weeks and then vanishes for the other forty-nine. But, with hops costing as much as two hundred pounds an acre to grow, the farmer who is faced with a demand for more pay must give way or risk the loss of his investment. This does not often happen, and the employers and the police seem to have a working blacklist of "agitators." But "lightning strikes" have occurred, and the growers naturally fear them. The machine is an answer to that fear, as Mr. Strettle, whose partner is a hop-grower, pointed out. It will not turn the hop pickers into modern Luddites, because the lesson of our time is that the machine wins in the end. But it offers a fascinating example of the way in which the march of technology is related to market prices, to labour supply and cost, to the sheer intellectual challenge of a problem to the inventive mind, and to the social psychology of the inventor.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

* *The Hop Industry*. Anglo-American Council on Productivity. 9*s*. 6*d*.

The Healthy End of Europe

As one looks at the continental part of Western Europe to-day, about the only extensive portion of it that makes sense is Scandinavia. There are great political differences between the three countries: Norway, battered by the waves of the Atlantic, is the most wholehearted member of the Atlantic Pact; Sweden, numerically and economically the strongest of the three, is politically and temperamentally about 100 per cent. "neutral," even though both countries have Socialist Governments—an apparent inconsistency on which intellectual Swedish Liberals like Mr. Tingsten, editor of the largest Swedish newspaper, *Dagens Nyheter*, never fail to comment with some sarcasm. For Sweden has, oddly enough, some more passionate supporters of the Atlantic Pact than either Norway or Denmark; but though they are listened to daily, their effect on the country's policy or on public opinion is negligible. Both countries have full employment and fair shares for all—even though in Sweden the Socialist Government has to live in partnership with a strong capitalist class, which is not the case in Norway, where all big companies are, though not nationalised, sufficiently government-controlled. Unlike the other two, Denmark has no Socialist government to-day, and is ruled by a coalition of Farmers and Conservatives; but the Socialist opposition, under the leadership of Mr. Hedtoft, the former Premier, is sufficiently strong to limit the damage to a minimum. Nevertheless, full employment is not a policy that applies to Denmark in the same measure as in Norway or Sweden; and Denmark's balance of payments is less good than in the case of the other two.

All three countries are going through a process of rearmament, either as members of the Atlantic Pact, or, like Sweden, independently; and in all three there are passionate discussions on the Rearmament *versus* Standard of Living dilemma; and nowhere perhaps has more interest been aroused than in Scandinavia by the "Bevan Crisis" in Britain. In all three countries the Governments have, on the whole, tended to keep their rearmament to proportions that will not affect the standard of living seriously; in Denmark, the least enthusiastic partner of the Atlantic Pact, I heard it commonly remarked that the equipping of a Danish army "really has to be done to please a bunch of American Senators," since in case of war there was mighty little that any Danish army could do against a Russian invasion—and the Russians are only thirty miles away. Although in Norway there are strong pacifist traditions and also neutralist currents right inside the Norwegian Labour Party, it is Denmark which is the only partner of the Atlantic Pact with a large party—the Liberals—that is officially neutralist, and opposed to Denmark's participation in this Pact. This attitude is rooted in an old Danish tradition still very strong among both farmers and intellectuals. But even among Denmark's official supporters of the Atlantic Pact, few deny that it's a "poor second-best"; and they all say that they would have preferred the Swedish-sponsored Scandinavian Bloc. The enthusiasm for this Bloc is, indeed, greater in Denmark even than in Sweden, for which it would have involved a great economic strain; but, in any case, both agree that "it was the Norwegians who wrecked it."

Yet despite all these differences—often sharp differences—there are many important things the three countries have in common. Words like "freedom" and "democracy," which have such a hollow sound in present-day Germany and, alas, a good many other "democratic" countries in Europe, are, in Scandinavia, words that still mean what they should mean: democracy means not merely formal political democracy but also economic democracy; and freedom signifies something purer than what certain American Senators mean by it. It is significant that, in all three countries, I should have heard some concern expressed—and in Sweden even more than in the other two—over matters like the Monica Fe'ton case, the non-admission to England of Swedish delegates—including non-Communists like Dr. Andrea Andreen—to the Sheffield Congress, or the recent beatings-up of British delegates to the Berlin Festival. As one Swedish Socialist remarked: "If our type of democracy is allowed to degenerate in this way, we won't, morally, have a leg to stand on." As for economic democracy, here's one small example in many. If, in a choice site near Paris like the Bois de Boulogne, there are three restaurants which only the very rich can afford, an equally choice site outside Oslo, at Holmenkollen, on the hill overlooking the fjord, is occupied by a large restaurant where anyone can go in for a glass of beer or can get, for 2*s*. 6*d*. or 3*s*. a reasonably good meal, with no extra charge for the view.

There is much else some European countries could profitably learn from Norway. Her economic development since the war can fairly be described as masterful. To-day, out of her working population of 1½ millions, 350,000 are employed in manufacture (including paper); 25,000 in timber; 80,000 in fishing; 350,000 in agriculture; 100,000 in building (including shipbuilding); 40,000 are seamen. The merchant fleet, exclusive of fishing vessels, has doubled in

five years to nearly 6 million tons; the fishing fleet has been fully rebuilt; the rate of investment, at 35 per cent. of the national income, is the highest in Europe; compared with pre-war, electricity has been nearly doubled, and mines and other industries, such as aluminium and sulphur, have been greatly developed. The 400m. dollars of Marshall Aid have been well used, and if, since the middle of 1950, the adverse balance of trade has dwindled to almost nothing, it is "not only thanks to Korea (high timber and shipping prices), but also thanks to our policy of investments." Further, the U.N. Commission for Europe recently established that in house construction Norway was ahead of all other countries, with 32 rooms per 1,000 inhabitants built in 1950, as against 23 for Sweden and 20 for the U.K.

No less impressive are the standard of living figures. Norway is one of the few countries in Europe where full employment has led to a larger *per capita* consumption, compared with pre-war, when there were as many as 70,000 or 80,000 unemployed in the country. Some proud claims made by the Norwegian Government, and which do not appear to have been disproved, are that, although some textiles, like suits or overcoats, are still rationed, the *per capita* consumption of textiles is 20 per cent. higher than pre-war; real wages are 10 to 15 per cent. higher than pre-war, though recent price rises have tended to reduce this figure; although sugar, coffee and cheese are rationed, 40 per cent. more cheese is eaten than before the war, when the unemployed could not afford it. Incomes, with £450 a year on the average per family, are more equally spread out than in any other country.

Naturally this standard is appreciably lower than in Sweden, but as a democratic economy Norway presents an almost uniformly happy picture, even despite a slight fall in the general standard through a rise in prices, with which wages have not quite caught up. As one Labour leader put it: "Naturally, we have our difficulties, but full employment is something for which we are willing to make sacrifices; thanks to her 200,000 unemployed, Belgium has a better balance of payments than we have; but we'd rather not pay *that* price."

In Parliament the Labour Party has an absolute majority—86 seats out of 150. The nationalised sector is about the same as in Britain, and includes the Bank of Norway, the railways, steel and aluminium; the chemical trust, though not nationalised, is Government-controlled; and so is 75 per cent. of the mining—the Spitzbergen coal, the copper and iron ore. Electricity is partly State-controlled; while the fishing industry has been the scene of a "silent revolution"—the whole of it having since the war become a vast co-operative with such a strong monopolist position that even the Labour Government is made a little nervous at times. However, relations with the fishing co-operatives—who fetch high prices abroad but sell cheap inside Norway—are good—better than with the farmers' co-operatives, where the Labour Government sometimes has to play off the small farmers against the grasping large farmers. The trade unions, with a membership of half a million, form a closely-knit body round the T.U.C., which is therefore in a better position than the British T.U.C. to formulate an all-round wage policy. Since 1945 there has been only one strike—a political strike, inspired by the Communists, against the Marshall Plan. The Labour votes in the last election were 820,000, as against the Communists' 100,000.

The relatively high Communist vote is not attributed to economic discontent—of which there is very little—but to "religion" and "tradition"—some of the best-paid municipal employees, for instance, being among the most active Communists in Norway (the same is true of Sweden). As distinct from the Danish Socialists who, from the outset, were anti-Communist, the Norwegian Labour Party actually joined the Comintern for some years, and the Norwegian Communists are, in fact, that part of the Labour Party which decided to remain faithful to Moscow. A standing joke in Norway is that, considering their past and that of their party, mighty few members of the Norwegian Government should be entitled to an American visa to-day! The fact remains, however, that in all Norway they are the staunchest supporters of the American alliance. But, as I shall show next week, there are a good many *nuances* both in the country at large and inside the Norwegian Labour Party in the attitude to the Atlantic Pact, to bomber bases in Norway and to the possibility—or impossibility—to "keep out of it."

Oslo, August. ALEXANDER WERTH

(To be continued)

Southampton Oil

CIVILISED man is the most improvident of creatures; but no other gift of Nature, neither soil nor coal nor timber, is being squandered at the same speed as oil. For half a century, every expert forecast of oil consumption has been outstripped by the event. In 1949, for instance, the O.E.E.C. estimated that its member nations would use 9 per cent. more oil each year; the very next year they used 18 per cent. more. The United States alone now uses more oil than the whole world did in 1939; Britain alone, twice as much as the world of 1900. In fact, world consumption has shot up in the half-century from 11 million to 500 million tons a year.

Most people are aware of this great expansion of demand, but few realise that it is causing a revolution in the structure of the oil industry. Not in regard to extraction; you cannot move an oilfield, though you can exploit it so intensively that supply is likely to match demand until the cupboard, perhaps a century hence, is bare. The change is in refining.

Refineries have always been built at the nearest coastal point to the oilfield. Thousands of technicians and skilled workers were dumped in unpleasant parts of the world, where elementary concomitants of civilised life had to be imported for them, and where modern communities jostled a feudal or even tribal environment. That is the story of the two giants among refineries, Aruba in Venezuela and Abadan. It is the story of Borneo and of Iraq and—the impact of Communism being as abrupt as that of capitalism—of the Urals. Now, just as the oil companies are facing the challenge of nationalism, they have reasons of their own for moving the refineries.

The Western European market has expanded to the point of justifying the construction of refineries in each consumer nation. Under the new plan, oil leaves the producer country in its crude state, is refined in Europe, and, as petrol, kerosene, and the like, reaches the consumer after a short journey by rail, lorry, or coastal tanker. This suits the European nations, for it means a great saving in foreign currency, especially dollars; part of the revolution is that Europe now gets oil mainly from the Middle East—it is above all in Arabia that there has been a production boom—and not from the U.S. and Venezuela as in the 1930's. The change also suits the companies, who can staff the new refineries with skilled workers available on the spot, without having to pay for houses, hospitals, travel allowances, and artificial salaries designed to maintain a sahib's way of life.

Western Europe, says an O.E.E.C. report, in 1939 refined 11m. tons out of a consumption of 26m. In 1952 these figures will be 59m. and 61m. Britain used to refine 3½m. tons and use 10m. The present consumption of 20m. tons will be wholly met by home refineries eighteen months from now. Almost all the refining will be done in seven big plants, started since the war and now nearing completion. When the Prime Minister goes this week to Fawley, the plant beside Southampton Water built by Anglo-American (British affiliate of Standard Oil), he will be opening the biggest refinery in Europe, and setting in motion machinery to refine over a quarter of our oil requirements—5½m. tons a year.

Look at it how you like, Fawley is a tremendous job. It is the biggest single construction in oil history. Abadan, for instance, grew by accretion; Fawley—or five-sixths of Fawley, for there is a thirty-year-old nucleus—has gone up in a single burst since August, 1949. It contains 100,000 tons of steel, 300 miles of pipes, 1,600 pounds of mercury for delicate instruments, and 100,000 cubic yards of concrete. The task of building employed five thousand men, with an exceptional proportion of skilled labour—500 carpenters and 300 welders, for instance. There are four great jetties where 35,000-ton tankers can berth; there is a special railway; there is an office building the size of a young Ministry, flanked by a handsome laboratory; there is a maintenance shed covering three acres; there is a separator plant of record size to pump in water for cooling and return it, cleansed, to the sea; there are a dozen storage tanks, each holding five million gallons. But all these are ancillary to the refinery itself.

As you are driven round the place (nobody walks at Fawley) you have the dream-like sensation of being lost in a chemical lab. designed for giants. Great cylinders curve skyward, their lines broken by uncountable frills and furbelows in the way of inlets and outlets. You ask your guide for an explanation, and your impression of a lab. turns out to be pretty accurate; these are retorts, reactors, and regenerators, where chemical changes are brought about under great pressure. In one of the control rooms, a man is watching over a hundred dials, and you wonder what would happen if just one knob were flicked from DECREASE to INCREASE. The biggest machine of all, the catalytic cracker, employs a catalyst to disintegrate the molecular structure of oil. The tallest tower is the debutaniser, which explains itself, I hope. Across the way is the sweetening plant, which removes acids.

Although Fawley, behind the scenes, was the deciding factor in relegating the petrol coupon to history, motor spirit is not its biggest single product. That place is claimed by bunker fuel oil, which raises steam in large ships. With an eye on the jet age, the refinery produces turbo-jet fuel, but no ordinary aviation spirit. Apart from this, it turns out everything that can be made from oil—gas oil, liquid petroleum gas, kerosene, naphtha for making rubber solutions and lacquers, diesel oil, asphalt for roads and roofs, the base of paint and wax polish, and the stuff they clean clothes with. Between 1952 and 1954, various by-product plants will go up; one will produce 12,000 tons of sulphur yearly.

Fawley was an ideal site for a refinery, mainly because of the unique double tide in Southampton Water, but also because skilled labour is at hand in several towns of the district, and because London and other large markets are not distant. What the local people think of the place is another story—especially those who chose the New Forest villages for a quiet retirement. They

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can't reasonably complain of the view or the smell; both are shielded by a thick belt of trees round the plant. Anyway, compared with most industrial structures, a refinery is positively beautiful. These chemical fancies rising slender to the sky look like something by Piper; at night, when an eternal flame shoots bravely from a tower, the Festival effect is still more convincing.

No, whatever the house-agents may say, it isn't the "lowering of the tone" that has caused the average property in the district to slip a thousand pounds. It is the knowledge that the refinery—an investment of £37,500,000—would not be there if it did not vastly help the rearmament effort as well as the civilian economy; and the deduction that this knowledge is shared by the commander of any potential bombing squadrons.

MERVYN JONES

So They Say . . .

THE Japanese Peace Conference last week obligingly presented the British press with an intriguing alternative to a too-close study of what the Treaty was all about. What was "Mr. Andrei (No, no) Gromyko," as the *Daily Express* calls him, up to?

"Still unsolved to-night is the Great Gromyko Mystery—why he made the 8,000-mile journey," began the *Daily Herald* on Monday, before the conference opened. "In the long, thirsty trip across America," reported the *Express*, "none of the 40-man delegation touched a drop of the four bottles of vodka the railway company laid on, but oh, the coffee . . ." The *Daily Mail* found that the most talked-about mystery in San Francisco was the identity of the "elderly red-scarfed woman" who thrust a bunch of red roses on Mr. Gromyko when he stepped from the train. Alastair Cooke in the *Manchester Guardian*, however, refused to take it seriously, and described how, by suddenly renting their millionaire's mansion, "the Russians foiled the F.B.I. (Dash it, Holmes, the beggars didn't give us time to install this on their telephone wires)."

By Tuesday, the day the conference opened, the editorials had at last got round to the Treaty itself. The *Guardian*, while agreeing that America had "blundered into an awkward corner," thought that "in its basic lines American policy is defensible," but "may also play into the hands of the reactionaries in Japan." *The Times* also thought that the Americans "may have fallen into a trap," yet felt that "the Japanese Treaty . . . skilfully reconciles the United States need for a firm base . . . with Japan's own desire for independence." The *News Chronicle* hedged cautiously: "The proposed Jap Peace Treaty has many imperfections, but it is better than no treaty at all." Mr. Gromyko wasn't entirely overlooked, however: GROMYKO—STAR FOR 30 MILLION (*Daily Herald*); EYES OF 40 MILLION ON GROMYKO (*News Chronicle*).

On Wednesday came reports of the opening ceremony. "President Truman announced to-night that, as a contribution to international peace and to defend Japan from attack, the United States will maintain armed forces in Japan for some time to come," began the *Daily Herald* solemnly—and the *Guardian* carried details of the projected "20 American bases in Japan." But the *News Chronicle* story made it clear that the curtain had still to go up: "WAITING FOR LEFTY would be a fair headline for the events at San Francisco to-night," it began.

On Thursday, at last, "Lefty" entered the ring. And, perhaps because the headline writers were training for Turpin's ride to New York, he took terrible punishment.

Daily Express: GROMYKO LOSES ROUND 1.

News Chronicle: GROMYKO LOSES THE FIRST ROUND.

Daily Graphic: GROMYKO GOES DOWN IN ROUND ONE.

Daily Mirror: GROMYKO GETS A BEATING.

The *Daily Mail* promptly dubbed Gromyko "not the Frisco Kid," but "the Frisco kidder"—and the *Express* reported widespread "Gromykosis," or nervousness over what he was up to. In the end, however, it proved almost impossible for British readers to find out what he *was* up to, for his hour-long speech and his 13 amendments came too late for Thursday's morning papers, and by Friday there seemed to be no room for them, except in *The Times* and the *Guardian*.

On Saturday there was a brief flurry of interest in the "plot" to kill Mr. Gromyko with a runaway beer-truck (G-R-O-M-Y-K-O-S-I-S, exulted the *Express* on page one again), but the conference ended on schedule with the *Daily Herald*, alone of the British press, keeping up its tradition of reserving comment.

There were, however, two noteworthy comments in last Sunday's widely read papers. In the *Sunday Pictorial*, James Cameron, under the headline A CRAZY PEACE, condemned the cold-shouldering of 1,100 million Asiatics, said that Britain had "caved in again," and quoted Evatt's opinion of the treaty: "An open, unashamed abandonment of all the standards of international justice." In the *Sunday Express*, John Gordon, the editor, wrote:

> Mark down this day as among the most momentous of our time . . . Why? Because with the signing of the peace treaty at San Francisco, Japan adds the weight of her tremendous strength to the world power already aligned against Russia. Congratulate the Americans upon their victory. For great victory it is . . .

AUTOLYCUS

Pedlar's Pack

THERE was only one passenger seat in the truck, and that was occupied by the plumber I had been to fetch. The back was full of sacks of fertiliser. We were driving along a straight four-mile stretch of road, with sweet-chestnut coppice on both sides. These chestnut trees had shed their brilliant orange leaves all over the road, and the rain, which had been pouring down for days, was turning them into a slippery mass of sweet-smelling decay. The plumber, my valuable passenger, said: "That chap is getting wet."

There was no doubt about that: some hundreds of yards ahead of the car a man was walking steadily in the same direction as we were travelling, on the crown of the road, with a huge suitcase in his left hand. The outlines of his figure were blurred by the rain, but one could see that there was something singular in his appearance, and as we drew nearer we could identify it. "An Indian," said the plumber.

He was right again: a rain-sodden turban of that washed-out pink which one associates with cheap sweets bobbed along above a long, black overcoat so thin that the rain had saturated it, and it clung to the man's body. The dark trousers were clasped to his ankles above brown boots. The suitcase weighed him down on one side, so that he walked at an angle to the perpendicular, as if one leg were shorter than the other. The cheap fibre of the case, blackened and softened by the rain, bulged.

When the Indian heard us coming, he was suddenly galvanised into a change of action; he shambled and slithered to the side of the road, put down his case, faced us, and raised his arms in supplication. There was nothing in the least Occidental about his gestures, no graceful swing of the hand across the front of the body, thumb extended—a gesture current and significant from Sofia to San Francisco, but not, perhaps, in India. He was completely, unashamedly Oriental: his raised arms did not half-diffidently and half-imperiously request a lift; they conjured one. His face was contorted into fantastic exaggerations of the expressions relevant to his plea, like that of a silent film actor.

The nearer we drew, the more tremendous became the feelings he expressed. He joined his hands in a clasp above his head, and shook them; he brought them down to beat his chest with interlocked thumbs, in a perfect frenzy of pleading. It was too much. True, it was raining very hard; doubtless the suitcase was heavy; at least three miles separated the Indian from any sort of shelter. Even so, his exhibition of violent feeling was as embarrassing as bad dancing at the ballet, as sentimental Hollywood dialogue. "Gor," said the plumber, "he's in a state!"

Since I had no intention of stopping, I might just as well have maintained the speed of the truck, but I found that impossible. I could not give the poor man a lift, because there really was not an inch of room.

Nevertheless, it was impossible totally to ignore his frantic appeal. He was so wildly out of place, with his sodden turban, his swarthy face, bilious eyes, and dripping, black beard, in that countryside of ploughed, fat clay and golden, half-defoliated coppice, that in a flash of sympathetic insight I seemed to see myself, toiling along the dusty, burning road of Kipling's *Kim*, bearing a heavy burden, and unsuitably dressed in a sou'wester.

I drew up and opened the window. A gust of wind beat the cold rain into my face. The Indian leaped at the car, clung to the door, scrabbled at the handle. He thrust his dark face into mine. "A lift, pliz. A lift, pliz," he prayed, in a high, feminine voice with a dying fall.

"I'm sorry," I said, "no room," and pointed to the packed back of the car, and to the crammed cab; the plumber was a big man. The Indian's dark eyes in yellow whites followed my hand with fierce, searching intensity, a kind of desperate, irrational hope that space would appear. "A lift, pliz," he repeated, with less conviction.

"No room," I repeated, feeling very unkind and as if it were my fault that the car wasn't larger. The Indian seemed to feel that there must be something I could do, because he clung to the door and addressed to me, to the plumber, to the car, an extraordinary stream of gibberish in his lilting, feminine voice.

His language sounded a little like Welsh, and for all I could at first understand might have been Urdu or Tamil. It was neither; it was English. I began to distinguish, from time to time, comprehensible phrases: *kind, kind man . . . lucky face . . . good man.* This made me feel much worse, which was, perhaps, the intention. "Where are you bound for?" I asked, when he paused for breath. "Bound for, bound for," he repeated, distorting the words almost out of recognition. "Where going?" I tried.

He got that, and told me the name of the next town, quite clearly. I said he could put the case on top of the fertiliser and I would leave it for him at the inn. I don't know if he understood; he fetched the case from beside the gurgling, brown water of the ditch; but when we made him understand our intention, he would

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not part from it. I spoke slowly and carefully; the plumber shouted, scornfully. It was no use, the Indian clung to his case.

Getting away from him was unpleasant, because he would not leave go of the car, and I had to jerk it out of his hands, in the teeth of my own wish to show kindness. As we gathered speed I looked back, trying to grimace friendship, regret, deprecation. He was standing there, the rain falling harder than ever, his arms raised in a final, dramatic plea; or perhaps it was a curse. He was pitiful, pathetic and comic.

I thought of De Quincey in a not dissimilar case, when the wandering Lascar came to his Grasmere cottage. The Opium-Eater's knowledge of the Oriental languages, he says, was not extensive, being confined to the Arabic for barley, and the Turkish for opium. He had not a Malay dictionary, "nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*." He addressed his visitor, therefore, in a few lines from the *Iliad*, thereby saving his reputation as a linguist, for the Lascar "worshipped me in a devout manner," And then he was able to give the man opium. Should I have offered the Indian a cigarette? I could not see myself doing that: it would have been like offering a drowning man the loan of one's newspaper.

To neutralise the irritating feeling that I had not behaved well, I felt moved to say something in the Indian's praise. "A pity we had no room," I said.

"Don't care for 'em meself," said the plumber.

"It needs courage," I said, "to go peddling in a strange country, not knowing the language properly."

"That's gammon," the plumber said, "Knows the language as good as you an' me. That's only their cunning."

It seemed a curious kind of cunning to me, but I did not argue. Surely the Indian would have dropped any gipsy tricks he might use in his trade, when he was in such evil case.

A couple of days later I was planting young fruit trees very near to my house. The front door was hidden, from where I stood, by the porch. I was troubled by a curious, unidentifiable sound, like a kind of monotonous, tuneless chanting, soft, low and persistent. Several times I raised my head from the work and looked about, but I could see nothing to account for the noise. Doubtfully, I had put it down to a trick of the wind in the high-tension cables overhead, when A. appeared out of the porch, and beckoned. I went to her. "I can't get rid of him," she said.

There, in the porch, was the Indian and the suitcase. It was open and the Indian's dark, slender hands, with dirty nails, were turning over his goods. He kept up an incomprehensible patter in his utterly un-European accents, addressing not me, but A. "He gave me this," A. said, "for luck." It was a tiny animal of the nastiest plastic.

The Indian was still slowly turning over his goods, and intoning . . . *Lucky face . . . good wife . . . good man . . . kind man . . . kind wife . . . you buy from me . . . good stuff* . . . The word *good* he drew out, dwelt on, sweetened till it cloyed, like lichees in syrup, or Turkish delight, saccharine and flat.

"If we bought something?" I suggested.

"I've looked. It's the most shocking rubbish."

This was upsetting: I suppose one had hoped for Oriental wares, a piece of good silk, perhaps. I cleaned my hand of dried mud, and turned over the fabrics, to the accompaniment of the Indian's endless crooning litany. A. was right, the stuff was the worst kind of cheap cotton rubbish. It made me unreasonably angry that so outlandish a peddler, by stocking his pack with such vulgar shoddy, put it out of our power to buy from him.

"Have you a plain white shirt?" I said. He had: it was very shiny and there were numerous, visible knots and snags in the yarn. Still, he had to be got rid of, and I asked the price. Two pounds. After that I did not really mind about hurting the Indian's feelings. I did not want the shirt, and the outrageous price gave me not only an excuse to refuse it, but to do so without feeling mean. I shut the case firmly. "Bad quality," I said, "Not good, too dear."

I felt uncommonly foolish, using this fatuous shorthand of the bargain-hunting sucker at Tangier, but I had no confidence that the Indian understood more complex English, and certainly he had shown no sign of intelligence when A. and I were talking together. "Good," he said, violently banging his case. "Good. Yes. You buy." And then, once again, broke into his crooning.

We got rid of him, in the end, by walking away indifferently. It was not an easy thing to do, because all our training conditions us against such acts of deliberate and brutal discourtesy. The Indian fastened his case and went off down the path, still talking in that musical, up-and-down, incomprehensible dialect. But now we could detect a note of resentment, of anger.

"It was such *rubbish*," we excused each other; but guiltily, our righteous indignation failing.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

THE PRIZE PLAY

THE judges of the Arts Theatre play competition were right to award the prize to *Saint's Day*: it is much the worst of the three. And as between degrees of badness, it is a perfectly defensible proposition that the writer who is most uncompromisingly bad may turn out in the end to be the best. At least he displays a kind of courage which may be a redeeming virtue. For, the first of the three contestants, Miss Bagnold, though she launched far enough into symbolism to be incomprehensible as a whole, couldn't quite discard a degree of realism which made stretches of her play all too plain sailing. Mr. Webber's *Right Side Up*, though it escaped realism entirely, was founded on a fable so thin that one could see right through it. Mr. Whiting's *Saint's Day* alone took the plunge into waters so deep that he never surfaced into comprehensibility for one single moment. I am quite prepared to accept the judges' decision, which must have been based on the view that the degree and kind of badness were such that only a promising writer could have achieved them. But I cannot go all the way with them; I hold back where they, joined now by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie and Mr. Peter Brook, recommend the play as an exciting and stimulating evening. I found it the opposite.

They also, according to the press statement I read, welcome in Mr. John Whiting an exciting new dramatist. In this they have not only this play to go on but also *Penny For A Song*, which was recently seen for a few weeks in Mr. Peter Brooke's production at the Haymarket. It is clear from the two plays taken together that Mr. Whiting has considerable imagination and a theatrical sense. What I listened for, and did not find in either—it is something which is there, for instance, in another "promising young playwright," Mr. Denis Cannan—was a fresh and original turn of phrase. Mr. Whiting, if I may add mine to all the advice which has been showered on him lately, will have to work harder on his prose.

Still, even if the judges prove right in their hopes for Mr. Whiting, he was "discovered" in the first place, much more by *Penny For A Song*, than by his prize play. And the failure of the Arts competition is pretty complete; it has failed to do what was hoped for it in the way of turning up new talent. I think the judges perhaps made a mistake in using the phrase "plays of contemporary significance" to suggest the kind of plays they were looking for: "Significance" weighed down all three of these plays so heavily that they sunk straight to the bottom. It will be argued that among the nine hundred unsuccessful plays offered there were probably quite a number of workable plays which were excluded by this condition. And I daresay it may possibly be true that a different set of judges would have chosen a different set of plays. Both Mr. Ustinov and Mr. Fry belong to the new school of playwriting that has been developing since the war, the school which is leaving the realism of domestic drama behind, and opening the theatre to fantasy and the free play of the imagination. Writers of the old-fashioned straight play would not have found much sympathy, I should guess, with these judges.

In this I am absolutely in sympathy with Mr. Fry and Mr. Ustinov. Nothing would have been gained by the discovery of a respectable domestic comedy or two, or a couple of workable drawing-room dramas. As I remarked when the competition was announced, there is a great deal of fictional talent at present going into novel writing. One of the things that has kept this talent away from the stage, I believe, has been just the narrowness and rigidity of the prevailing play-forms as against the comparative freedom of the novel. When the theatre is seen to be alive to experiment, it may draw more of our talented writers into its orbit. And plays, a constant supply of new plays, it cannot be too often repeated, are the life blood of the theatre.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MERMAID

IF I may say so in these columns, the Mermaid Theatre represents Private Enterprise at its most brilliantly adventurous; nothing so gallant has happened in the theatrical world since John Christie built his opera house in Sussex. In Acacia Road, as at Glyndebourne, we stroll during the intervals in our host's garden; but there the resemblance ends. The Mermaid is not an opera house, but a small Elizabethan stage; portable, and capable of being dismantled and reassembled in 24 hours. Why, then, you may wonder, has it opened, not with an Elizabethan play, but with a Restoration opera: in fact, with Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, of which London has already seen two productions this summer?

The answer to that question is romantically improbable. One night at a party, Bernard Miles did his famous turn, the bandsman's stolid account of "Tristan and Isolde and the Love Lotion" *(sic)*; Kirsten Flagstad, who was present, laughed helplessly, and thereafter became the firm friend of the Bernard Miles family. In the garden of their charming house in St. John's Wood stood a large, derelict building; when Mme Flagstad heard that they planned to make of this their private theatre, she announced that she would come and sing in it for nothing. A contract was drawn up which has become famous; the least sordid and most endearing document of its kind in existence. "You realise, of course," Mr. Miles one day candidly observed, "that we're only using you as a spearhead for our theatrical plans"; to which the diva calmly replied by offering to sing Dido twice nightly.

Everyone concerned became infected by a similar idealism; with active assistance from Ivor Novello, the fantasy began to be translated into reality. A garage became a foyer; behind it, the theatre took shape. "Its form and decoration," we are told, "are the result of a collaboration between Micha l Stringer and C. Walter Hodges." It does not pretend to historical

accuracy in detail; for example, the audience does not flow round the platform on three sides, and the seats (pews from an old Methodist chapel!) are steeply raked. But there is a curtained inner stage and a balcony supported by elegant pillars (in *Dido* this is occupied by the orchestra); and the general impression of the Mermaid is unquestionably Elizabethan, besides being, with a gaily painted roof and proscenium, extremely pretty. For a donation (a £5 minimum is tactfully suggested) the subscriber receives two tickets for *Dido*, two for *The Tempest*, and two for one of an interesting-looking scheme of recitals. The season ends on October 9th, and it is still possible to see both productions. The address is 43a, Acacia Road, N.W.8.

Dido was a highly enjoyable performance, rising to moments of memorable beauty. It began lamely with a spoken Prologue (genuine Nahum Tate, no doubt) and flat-footed galumphings in the English rustic style. But when the inner curtains parted to reveal the seated majesty of Carthage, sorrow went and pleasure tarried. Mme Flagstad, with her noble brow and great lustrous eyes, would have been instantly recognised by Paul Veronese as an ideal type of regal beauty; indeed, for a Carthaginian, her appearance could be thought almost too Roman. Her stage deportment, as always, was a model of simplicity and ease; and she sang no less majestically, deploying the long phrases of her first aria with inexhaustible reserves of breath, flashing into scornful fire in the scene of parting with Aeneas, and sounding the still depths of sorrow in the final threnody. In short, the surprising experiment came off beyond all expectation.

Bernard Miles's production skilfully revealed the natural aptitude of the opera to its unusual setting; choreography and decor were on a lower level. The chorus was first-class; the orchestra, under Geraint Jones, could have played with more dash and lightness in such passages as the Hornpipe and "Fear no danger to ensue," but did well in the more *sostenuto* music. There was no want of vivacity or attack in Maggie Teyte's Belinda, but it cannot be denied that this music requires a fresher vocal timbre. Thomas Hemsley, remembered for his Ghost of Hector in the Oxford *Troyens*, displayed rich and solid tone in the unrewarding role of Aeneas. Edith Coates threw the whole (presumably) of her powerful voice and abundant personality into the part of the Sorceress; it seemed quite perilous to be sitting so close to those tremendous snarls.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

I was reminded more than once last week that what is really good in radio (as in all the other arts) is good at all levels; some local listener research of an amateur kind supports this theory. A play by Benn Levy, produced by E. J. King Bull, was the original instance. *Return to Tyassi* was written first for the stage, and, in fact, in its striking production on the air last Monday, it kept a strongly visual quality. This sharpness of impact—accentuated by the clarity of the voices, and the use of silence (the silent curtain, particularly)—are a mark of E. J. King Bull's work as a producer; there were the same qualities in his interesting production of *Oblation* the previous week. This was a study of narrow and larger loyalties in a family during the Occupation of France, with a fine leading performance by Lily Kann. *Return to Tyassi* is another play of loyalties. A young society woman, petted and adored by friends and family, is driven by remorse or dissatisfaction to confess the truth about the breaking of her first marriage—her lost chance of escape and "life." The result is disaster; the second chance, the return to Tyassi, turns out to be a myth; the gruesome social routine, which she once felt she could not live without, is her destruction. Why should this be generally acceptable? Because, I suppose, our sympathies were held at every point. Benn Levy conveyed the harsh theme through civilised and intelligent dialogue; the cast was uniformly good. I should like to mention (besides the main performances of Michael Gough and Rachel Kempson) Geoffrey Dunn's Mayfair exquisite, Yvonne Mitchell's adolescent girl and Robert Harris as the civilised, ungenial husband.

The Obstinate Exile, Laurie Lee's delightful talk on the countryman in London—what is he doing there?—was one of those happy occasions when a voice carried not only a good deal of amusing wisdom but (or so it seemed) the real personality of the speaker. Something like this, too, could be said of a talk quite different in kind—*The Chinaman*, an account by Jeffery Farnol (which luck and curiosity led me to on the Home Service one late evening) of a Chinese laundryman, a philosopher of the New York underworld, whom the writer knew half a century ago. The strange, macabre charm of the tale was increased by the impromptu air of the *raconteur*, most leisurely at the point of climax.

The end of the week (Sunday evening) was marked by *Spes Israelis*, a study of Cromwell's readmission of the Jews in 1655, and an example of the *feature* at its considerable but not very frequent best. I can think of no better feature writer on historical matters than Christopher Sykes, nor of any production of his that I have found more impressive. In historical matters the radio feature (when it is well done) has a moral advantage over the stage or radio play; it can throw a light on the detail of history without moving from the original sources, and without the falseness, sentimentality, tendentiousness, and anachronistic speech and thought that slip (one or other of them, if not all) into the best of dramas involving real people and occasions. I forbear from mentioning some contemporary examples. . . . I forbear from mentioning the cinema at all. I won't say that the historical feature is free from these vices; but, because its demands and scope are different, it has a much more reasonable chance of being so. Christopher Sykes's approach to this unfamiliar and difficult piece of history was admirable; it was clear of *parti-pris*, certainly of sentiment, yet it had considerable feeling. I particularly admired the skill with which he made a path through the complex material; the strong gathering of momentum after the opening episodes; the use of language—part original record, part brilliant seventeenth-century pastiche; the performance of John Slater (Rabbi Manasseh) and of Laidman Browne (Cromwell) and the beautiful writing of the author's concluding commentary.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Edward and Caroline," at the Academy
"Valley of Eagles," at the Leicester Square
"Rhubarb," at the Carlton

I HAVE an affection for the thin story that is as good as one makes it, for the Henry James story with a point and the Tchekov story without it. The screen offers a peculiarly rich medium for this kind of enhancement. Characterisation may become more subtle, and background brought forward; the situation may even show itself firmer for lack of insistence. Most of all, with this comparatively rare alignment of forces, a new unity may emerge, the equivalent of the writer's narrative. Few films indeed have this quality: music, waste dialogue, trivial movement, superimposed images have to be stuffed in to the cracks that yawn every moment. The worst films are those one can't help pulling apart as they go along—and how much will come away in the hand! The best—to the intrusive touch, should we try it—seem elastically stranded.

Edward and Caroline—Jacques Becker's third film to be shown in England, the other two being *Goupi Mains Rouges* and *Antoine et Antoinette*

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Among the places where good lighting is most vital are those in which the very young forgather, such as the home and the school, for at that age the eyes are not fully mature and are less able to resist the damage that may be done by wrongly applied artificial lighting.

It is interesting to note that last year in France the use of fluorescent lighting in schools was prohibited.

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—has very little in the way of a plot to be set down on paper. A newly married couple quarrel; the husband is a pianist who has yet to find his big occasion, the wife has rich relatives; her uncle is giving the young pianist his chance before a select gathering; she has managed to throw away his only white waistcoat; the one evening will contain everything—love story, lost waistcoat, fashionable party, threats of divorce, and final reconciliation. Nothing much, in the synopsis; yet Becker has managed to make of it the most charming satirical film seen in London this year.

To begin with, the young couple at home are given their time and quite captivate: he is rather strung up, meaning in any case to play Chopin, and not Brahms as advised; she has seen a fashion in a magazine, which brings the scissors to her hand to deal drastically with a new dress. They are in love, playful, outspoken, and then easily scared by a row. The vanished waistcoat tears them apart. They play ducks and drakes with the party: and quite half the film amusingly delineates that frightful smart gathering. Their return to one another is almost the rediscovery, after a hard day, by the self of itself. How far our sympathy with these young lovers is engendered by script, direction and photography, all of which are excellent, and how far by the actors themselves it would be impossible to determine. We can't imagine Edward and Caroline otherwise than as we have found them, in the persons of Daniel Gélin (startlingly introduced to us in *La Ronde*) and Anne Vernon. The uncle who suffers agonies as the discomfited host of whom finally too much has been asked but who goes on trying, is impeccably played by Jean Golland; and the rest of the cast, especially the hired waiter who oughtn't to have a moustache and the friendly rhinoceros of an American, impress equally according to scale. *Edward and Caroline* is, in fact, a film that will bear seeing more than once. Given talent, the thin film will get no thinner with repetition: quite the reverse—witness *Partie de Campagne*.

Valley of Eagles is an almost incredibly bungled English thriller about a Swedish atom scientist whose apparatus, wife, and assistant disappear together. The search for them discovers, luckily, a snowy borderland where the Lapps go wolf-hunting with eagles. These sequences are so dramatic that the return to a dawdling plot seems doubly idiotic, and one can only be amazed that one of the year's most embarrassing films should have unearthed such treasure.

The embarrassment of *Rhubarb* is slick and without respite. A millionaire's fortune comes to a cat: cat-starring is a new twist in Hollywood horror. The cat is mascot to a baseball team; so that we have to undergo baseball matches. Then there's a court case, with four cats providing evidence. Then the cat discovers a slinky long-haired love. This is the end. It is all supposed to be miaowingly funny.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Thank you—but don't forget the rest of us"

This African was able to buy a Bible. Why? Because missionaries had worked for years translating the Scriptures into his language, and because the Bible Society was there to print, bind and transport copies into the heart of East Africa. All this cost the Society a lot of money which could not be included in the selling price because it would then be too high for the African to afford. There are thousands all over Africa waiting eagerly for copies of the Scriptures in their own languages.

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Ceri Richards, at the Redfern Gallery

Ceri Richards is an immensely energetic artist with a fine sense of touch—which is to say an intuitive sense for making live, painterly marks. Most of these fourteen new paintings are of Trafalgar Square, tipped up to face the spectator as an aerial-view surface, on which formalised fountains, pigeons, photographers and bird-feeders are the focal points of movement and interest. His energy expresses itself in the thrust and fall of the fountains; his sense of touch in the flurry of the birds, the momentary concentrated pose awaiting the click of the shutter, the running flicker of the sunlight. They are lively but somehow unresolved pictures. Their combination of overspilling energy and constant, nervous titivation is too confusing. The flight of a bird needs space to give it meaning; the jet of a fountain requires stillness around it. They hint at three-dimensional depth but do not establish it. Objects occupy space but lack gravity. Their decorative pattern, however exhilarating in detail, remains fragmentary and the eye is distracted as by paper in the wind. (This is particularly noticeable in No. 10, where the balance of a fine design is destroyed by some flapping sheets of music.) The three best pictures are a straightforward, almost nostalgic, painting of a woman at a piano, Version No. 2 of Trafalgar Square and a semi-abstract picture called *Sunlight*, which was previously exhibited at the London Group. In the last two paintings, a regular net-work of lines holds the leaping catch of their shapes together—and is symbolic of the discipline which Ceri Richards' imaginative enthusiasm requires and which his painting for the Arts Council Competition did contain.

J. B.

Six Young Contemporaries, at Gimpel Fils

Never before have I so much regretted the length of these notes, for the critic, as opposed to the historian, is more naturally interested in the future than in the past. The six painters (four of them previously mentioned here) have been selected from the Young Contemporaries exhibition held earlier in the year at the R.B.A. Galleries. Each of them is showing seven paintings and all of them deserve the opportunity. To avoid the faint praise of the word "promising," it is necessary to take their talent for granted and consider their difficulties. Alfred Daniels, in his paintings of the ordinary but significant social scene, must continue to distinguish between freshness and naivety, otherwise flat prettiness will destroy the conviction and three-dimensional depth of his pictures, and charm will sheath their human "edge." Norman Adams with his tragic landscapes and apolalyptic figures must continue to anchor his work to the ground of *this* world or it will become too private. Peter Kinley, a reasonable and deliberate abstract painter, must beware of repetitive sterility. (He deserves, and could benefit from, a mural commission.) Richard Platt must go on working out the constant problems of tone, solidity and texture so that he will eventually be able to do his satirical-tragic subjects justice. Breon O'Casey must remember that if the lyrical painting, like the lyrical poem, is not precise, it becomes sentimental. George Tuckwell, who is older than the others and paints semi-abstract pictures based on machine-shapes, must beware of becoming esoteric. His ellipses are taut and beautiful but they are not *Sky Deaths*. Do not assume, however, that the work of these painters cannot be considered seriously here and now. Adams' Bunyan-like head of *Morality*, Daniel's *Park Bench*, O'Casey's *Cattle Market* deserve to be bought this month.

J. B.

"The Germans," at the Unity

A German family reunion in 1943 in the home of a liberal Professor is an idea with possibilities; and for a period in the middle of this disappointing play it looked as if the author would show sufficient dramatic sense to realise them. But it all fizzles out in a sour trickle of political platitudes, satisfying only to the most hidebound of the Unity audience. The play opens with a series of flat cameos in Poland, Norway and France, showing three members of the family, son, daughter and aged retainer, making their way home from their places of duty to the celebration of the Professor's thirtieth anniversary at the University. In Act II the family is all together on the evening of the celebration when an old pupil of the Professor, in flight from a concentration camp, bursts in to seek their help. The characters, hitherto mere lay figures of Communist daemonology, suddenly become alive; and their reactions to this situation are personal and interesting. There is good writing in this, and plenty of opportunity for a satisfying third act. But the author shies away from it. The characters never develop; and a final scene—in 1950—is content to make the not over-subtle point that the "bad Germans" have thrown in their lot with the Bonn Government, while the "good" ones turn to the People's Democracies. This denouement shirks all the problems of character; it is as incontinently sentimental as the patriotic tableau at a village fete, as dramatically false as soap opera. Miss Hilda Manning's production was, within the limits set by her stage and cast, effective. Most of the players achieved high amateur standards. Mr. Abraham Bell and Miss Kath Wardman, as the Professor and his daughter, do rather better than that.

J. F.

The Ny Norsk Ballet, at the Embassy

Norway is a country without a tradition of classical ballet. In view of this it was possibly wise of the Ny Norsk Ballet's director and choreographer, Gerd Kjolaas, to base her ballets on Norwegian folk-dance material rather than on the classical technique, but unfortunately it makes most of her choreography little more than many hops and skips interspersed with an occasional jump. If simplicity is the keynote of her choreography, complexity is supplied in abundance by her scenarios, which, although containing the germs of good ideas, are far too involved to be successfully conveyed in the few minutes traffic of the ballet stage. The ballets of the Swedish guest choreographer, Ivo Cramer, also suffer a little from a too literary conception and the limited technique of the dancers, but they possess far more interest for English audiences than the ingenuous folksy ballets that preceded them. His *Truffaldino, a Commedia dell 'Arte* romp to Scarlatti music, was bright and gay, although it lost in the inevitable comparison it offered with Massine's *Les Femmes de Bonne Humeur*. The other Cramer work on the first programme, a deeply religious ballet *The Message*, had many moments of beauty and power. It relates the life of Christ, and is in seven scenes, or tableaux. Cramer is a musical choreographer with a great talent for inventing simple, effective movement, and an unerring eye for groupings full of the devotional grace that we associate with early Flemish painting. This is a ballet that deserves our attention and respect. The dancers of the company are youthful and uninhibited, but almost entirely lacking in technical accomplishment. However, the whole company appear to be excellent mimes, and in this respect at least English ballet could learn something from these Scandinavians.

C. B.

Correspondence

DIVIDEND FREEZE

SIR,—In your issue of September 1, Mr. Anthony Crosland comments on my letter published the previous week. I do not propose to reply to all the points he has made, or thinks he has made. They have all been effectively answered in your own journal and elsewhere.

But I must reply to his misrepresentation, in both his letters, of what I said about the financing of rearmament out of higher prices. In his latest letter, he says:—

> It is reassuring to find that Mr. Harold Wilson accepts, what some of us have said throughout this controversy, that it is absurd to accuse the Chancellor of deliberately financing British rearmament out of higher prices. Too many weekly journals (including your own) have made this accusation. It is to be hoped, after Mr. Wilson's authoritative statement, that it will be heard no more.

I have accepted nothing of the kind. What I said in my letter published in your issue of August 25 was that "no one suggests that the Chancellor has deliberately engineered higher prices as a means of cutting real wages." This does not mean that the Chancellor is free of the accusation that he has used the higher prices as a means to financing rearmament. He has not caused the higher prices: no responsible person, least of all your journal, has suggested that he has. What we are saying is that he has taken these higher prices as given, has refused to employ increased subsidies or other similar means to lower them, and has used the higher prices to reduce consumption, instead of doing this by taxation. Surely no one denies that this is what has happened. The Chancellor does not, the financial journals do not, and I see that the Report of the General Council of the T.U.C. does not either.

I cannot therefore allow Mr. Crosland to place me on record as exonerating the Chancellor from financing British rearmament out of higher prices.

House of Commons, HAROLD WILSON
S.W.1.

COMMON CHILD

SIR,—I write as a rank and file member of the National Association of Labour Teachers.

I do not propose here to deal with Mr. Crossman's objections to the Comprehensive school. I believe that if once he gives to education anything like the same attention he gave to Palestine he will find his opposition to the Comprehensive school is incompatible with his Socialism and, moreover, I believe he would become a foremost supporter of that for which the bulk of the Labour Movement so wholeheartedly stands.

Had Mr. Crossman already given his whole mind to educational issues he would not have fallen into the crude error of stating that the Labour Party had switched from multilateralism to the Comprehensive school; it has not. As is explained in *The Comprehensive School: Its History and Character*, published by the N.A.L.T. in 1948, in June, 1947, the Minister of Education issued Circular 144 in which he defined as a Comprehensive school what the Labour Party had, up till then, called a multilateral school. To minimise the confusion thus created the Labour Party adopted the Minister's nomenclature. On this matter the Labour Party stands in 1951 where it stood in 1941—and before.

That the Comprehensive school is a distinctive educational proposal of the Labour Party is true; if it is emphasised by the Party, it is because it is vital; and it must continue to loom large in the Party's educational programme if the Party is to have a Socialist educational policy at all. But to suggest, as Mr. Crossman does, that those of us in the Labour Party who are interested in education have no other proposals, and have made no other proposals, is again inaccurate. Thus, at the Annual General Meeting of the N.A.L.T. held on June 23 last, a resolution I moved on higher technological education urging the Party and its National Executive not to rest content until there had, in effect, been established—to use Mr. Crossman's words—"Institutes of Technology on a level with the ancient Universities such as are to be found in Switzerland and the U.S.A.", was carried.

Mr. Crossman's other point, that there must be a revolution in the *content* of Grammar school education, has long been axiomatic among members of the N.A.L.T., although they are aware of the tremendous difficulties in the way, to which Mr. Crossman does not refer.

In July, 1949, when Mr. Crossman must have startled all good Socialists by his reactionary proposals for selecting an *élite* at a tender age, through your columns I invited him to join the N.A.L.T. and help them to make the Labour Party's educational programme the policy of the Labour Government. The only answer I got was the dusty answer that we regarded multilateralism as a panacea! Yet, as I have shown, Mr. Crossman and the N.A.L.T. have much in common; also, by a coincidence the opening sentences of his article of August 25 are, almost word for word, those which the then Chairman of the Association used when she introduced a deputation to members of the Policy Committee in October, 1949; and certainly the "conservatism of Government educational policy" has nowhere "provoked a stronger reaction among the minority of Socialists interested in Education" than among the National Association of Labour Teachers. The Secretary of the Association (address 7 Perry Hill, S.E.6) would, I know, be pleased to send to Mr. Crossman—and to all teachers, ex-teachers or educational administrators desirous of throwing their ideas into the common stock and hammering out a Socialist educational policy—a membership leaflet. The N.A.L.T. is the only body of Socialist educationists affiliated to the Labour Party and if all eligible for membership (as Mr. Crossman is) became active members, they could do much "to develop a policy for education to match the reform of medicine which began with the National Health Service." Not so organised they can do but little.

East Heath Road, N.W.3. CLIFFORD T. SMITH

SIR,—Mr. Crossman seems to have only just discovered that the Labour Party is in favour of the Comprehensive school. If he were as interested in all items on the agenda of the Labour Party Conference as he is in certain parts of it, he would know that Conference after Conference has passed resolutions unanimously in favour of the Comprehensive school. I do not recollect one speech from the floor against it. Every speaker at last year's Conference was in favour, and the resolution was passed enthusiastically and unanimously.

As to the merits or demerits of Comprehensive schools, Mr. Crossman has done what every other opponent has done—criticised, but made no constructive or practical suggestion about the education of children over 11. Does he agree with the present set up of selection for the Grammar schools, or does he think there are faults in the system? If there are faults, what is he going to do to rectify them?

Mr. Crossman's article shows that he is up in the clouds and has not the remotest idea of the practical difficulties in our present-day Educational System.

House of Commons. ALICE BACON
S.W.1.

OUR FIRST DUTY

SIR,—The title of the Labour Party's policy report, "Our First Duty—Peace," should read "Our First Duty—Prepare for War."

The Labour leadership have committed the Party to the balance of power and the arms race as the way to peace, in the teeth of the Party's principles, pledges and Socialist faith, not to mention the teachings of history and the Party's own honourable record of fighting the disastrous statecraft of the balance of power. They have done so in circumstances where:

(*a*) We are, for the first time in British history, the weaker partner in the alliance on our side of the balance of power, and so have to do the bidding of the U.S. as the price of the alliance.

(*b*) War preparations are so expensive as to spell speedy ruin for this country and Western Europe, however long the two giants can stand the pace.

(*c*) The issue dividing the two great camps—how to adjust the relations between the Communist and non-Communist peoples and Governments—cannot be settled, and is only aggravated by the methods of power politics.

(*d*) The war that the arms race is making inevitable will completely destroy most of what is left of civilisation and smash this country and Western Europe beyond recognition or repair.

(*e*) Persistence in this policy will demoralise and divide the forces of Labour to the point where the Tories are bound to come in and will go most of the way toward Fascism, as the New Zealand, Australian and American Tories have already done.

Up to now the rank and file have been cowed and cheated into putting up with the drift to doom by the argument that they must not split the Party. But now the rising cost of living and the freezing of wages and the social services are stinging the rank and file in the Party and the trade unions into revolt.

Mr. Morgan Phillips, expounding "Our First Duty—Peace" to the press got into a terrible snarl. The document begins by pointing out that "The potential strength of the countries that want peace far exceeds all that Soviet Russia and its satellites can mobilise against it. That potential strength is a guarantee that our rearmament can deter aggression."

But then, in expounding why the Labour Government should be regarded as a leader in the fight for peace, Mr. Phillips was incautious enough to say that the world was only saved from a major war in December, 1950, by the action of the British Government. He ended by quoting (in reply to many questions by American correspondents) General Bradley on the provocative nature of MacArthur's policy.

In short, the report argues that the way to peace is to stick to the U.S. and arm to the teeth, whereas Mr. Morgan Phillips pointed out that on one occasion we only saved peace by opposing U.S. policy. He forgot to add that the Government had since collapsed, while President Truman is adopting the MacArthur policy on the instalment plan.

We have even allowed the American Generals to negotiate with the North Koreans and Chinese (whom

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they do not recognise) without any British representative being present. Not unnaturally, those negotiations have now been wrecked, largely by U.S. intransigence, and the war is being resumed.

Fortunately, all this dangerous nonsense is going on against the background of working-class revolt against rising prices and the growing danger of war. A measure of political leadership has been given to that revolt by the Bevanites.

The workers will not be convinced that they must put up with a falling standard of living to pay for rearmament. They will turn to those who can explain why all this rearmament is not necessary and who have clear ideas on the subject of the kind of foreign policy that would at least test the possibility of slackening and eventually ending the arms race. Neither the Government nor the Tories have any such policy.

K. ZILLIACUS

60 Abbey Road, London, N.W.8.

ISRAEL AFTER THE POLL

SIR,—The article " Israel after the Poll " by Mr. S. Rolbant has only now come to my knowledge.

Mr. Rolbant is surely aware of the fact that immigration from this country is selective, unlike that from certain Arab countries where there can be no question of selection—communities have to be rescued wholesale under extreme pressure—and therefore it may be possible that some undesirable types and unproductive elements will be among those who enter Israel. Israel is making these unprecedented efforts in order to save lives and cannot discriminate in face of threatened danger.

Concerning immigrants from this country I should like to remind Mr. Rolbant that every applicant is interviewed by a committee and references are taken and followed up whenever necessary. Preference is given to professional and skilled people. To say, therefore, that " British subjects who could not solve their differences with H.M. Inspector of Taxes . . ." is a gross distortion of fact and slander of the young people who undergo intensive training here for their life in communal settlements in Israel. These training centres are maintained by the Jewish Agency for Palestine at great cost and sacrifice, but it is done in the good faith that these pioneers will serve as a model which some of the primitive people may emulate. We have sufficient proof that their example is, in fact, of great value. To say that only the dregs come to Israel is to insult and negate the pioneer spirit which made Palestine Israel and Israel the most civilised country in the whole of the Middle East.

M. WOISLAWSKI

Palestine Office for Gt. Britain and Ireland.

HOMOSEXUAL OFFENCES

SIR,—In 1949, the British Medical Association and the Magistrates Association published a report of a joint committee on the criminal law and sexual offenders. An important section of this report dealt with homosexual conduct. The committee considered the question of whether the consent of the other party should be a defence to a criminal offence and pointed out that in most European countries the law does not concern itself with homosexuality in private among consenting adults. They said they would like to see an early official inquiry into the advisability of English law being brought into line with continental law on this matter and they went on to point out some of the considerations both in favour of the present English law and against it.

The question of homosexuality arouses very strong and irrational feelings in those who deal with it in the courts and too often results in a harsh and vindictive sentence. That the present position is very unsatisfactory few who can consider the situation dispassionately will doubt. It is obviously difficult to enforce a law making conduct a criminal offence when it is committed between two consenting adults in private and it is, I submit, generally bad for society to have a law which is easily broken. The committee points out, moreover, that the fact that abnormal conduct of this kind can be severely punished offers undesirable opportunity for blackmail.

I write to suggest, therefore, that the Home Secretary should be reminded by M.P.s of this 1949 report and asked to appoint a Departmental committee of those with experience in criminal courts, sociologists, psychiatrists, probation officers and others, to review the laws relating to homosexuality.

17, Victoria Street, ROBERT S. W. POLLARD
London, S.W.1.

CONSTANT LAMBERT

SIR,—Sir Osbert Sitwell is abroad, and it is therefore left to me to answer Mr. Scott Goddard's letter in your present issue.

No " brickbat " was hurled at Mr. Goddard's head. Although I am in the habit of reading Mr. Goddard's criticisms, I missed his obituary notice of Constant Lambert, and, too, his notice of the ballet. But I cannot imagine Mr. Goddard writing anything less than courteous or fair, although I regret his use of the word " mean " in connection with Sir Osbert's indignation about the treatment, by others, of our dead friend.

Sir Osbert did Constant Lambert no disservice. He did what was his plain duty : he stated the truth.

It is useless for Mr. Goddard to make out that Constant Lambert was not grievously affected by what was said, by certain critics, about his and his wife's ballet. He was *most* grievously affected, as I, with whom he lunched a few days before his death, know from his conversation. All his close friends are aware of his feeling in the matter. He did not mind adverse criticism. What he did mind was the extreme discourtesy with which it was worded.

No doubt Sir Osbert *might* have used some other word instead of " critic." But I doubt if this would have been appreciated.

EDITH SITWELL

Renishaw Hall,
Renishaw, Nr. Sheffield.

LIVING IMMORTALITY

SIR,—I'm only a woman ; I've married and borne three babies ; but I have just found an odd moment to read your article " Living Immortality." I wish I hadn't ; I wish I'd mended my husband's shirt instead ; but having read it I *must* somehow give voice to this hideous annihilating sense of incredulous horror it cast me into.

Listen—I married because I loved a warm living human man ; my heart and soul wanted to make a warm living human home and grow in it babies, babies made by my husband and me.

Have babies from the body of a man who is nothing but a name in a history book ? Whose flesh and bone lies in dust-heaps below tombstones ? What care I whether a sperm from the stomach of a Buddha or a Napoleon comes " into issue " ? Can a putrified Charlemagne or a mummified Pharoah protect and love and guide a living child ? " My daddy's three thousand years old. Yeth, we go to thee him in the museum thometimes. We thee hith toe poking out of the bandage, just like my big toe."

Brave New World !

So brave, so new I am already a craven prehistoric cavewoman of 1951.

Thank God. At least we're all five of us alive 98.4 degrees F.

London, N.13. BOADICEA

RECORD GUIDES

SIR,—In reviewing the *Record Guide* by Edward Sackville West and Desmond Shawe Taylor, Mr. P. H. Wallace says : " believe it or not, this is the first guide to recorded music ever published in this country." I trust he will forgive me for correcting this statement as I have on my bookshelf a copy of a previous record guide—*The Golden Age Recorded*, by P. G. Hurst—published here in 1946. As the title suggests, *The Golden Age Recorded* covers that remarkable period of musical greatness at the turn of the century which includes just that very *genre* of artists whose absence Mr. Wallace so much regrets in the work he has just reviewed. Patti, Melba, Caruso, Jean de Reske and many others are all listed here, together with intimate biographical notes and the catalogue numbers and titles of their records.

Since its publication *The Golden Age Recorded* has had a wide circulation among music lovers and record collectors in this and other countries. This guide has now unfortunately gone out of print ; but, in fairness to the author it should not be allowed to remain unacknowledged.

NANCY SALKELD

Hove, Sussex.

Books in General

ALREADY, before the New Ecclesiology came in with John Betjeman, guide-book language was, here and there, a private joke. That would be in the early nineteen-twenties. I should say that, before then, the expressions "E.E.," "Dec." and "Perp." were never thought provocatively quaint but, on the contrary, so dull as to be as dull as anything could be—except, indeed, by those who used them, still, with the initiate's sense of knowing a little about something out of the ordinary. Clergymen, naturally, used them. But I remember the kind of man in whose mouth they were most terrible. I remember him in person, a man in the parlour of a small Derbyshire hotel who addressed himself to me suddenly, without the least apology, in a loud, rasping voice so that all could hear. He said: "I see, Sir, that you are working the Derbyshire churches." I was fidgeting with a map and J. C. Cox's *Little Guide*, so he had got me. He was a giant bore, of a type common once, to whom expressions like Transitional, Double Piscina, Aumbry, or Hammer-beam, carried massive, self-flattering import. He had "worked" the Derbyshire churches—my goodness, he had: he knew them intolerably, brutally well. He and his kind were of the twilight of the Old Ecclesiology.

The Old and the New Ecclesiologies overlapped in the Twenties. How "Dec." and "Perp.," from being insufferably arid in the mouth of one generation came to be affectedly, half-humorously, then affectionately adopted by another, is easily thought back upon. Before 1914, there will not, surely, have been one single man in England who rubbed brasses *and* read Proust, who photographed Norman tympana *and* had heard of Picasso. In the Twenties, such a man was possible, if not probable; in the Thirties he was still rare and would probably turn out to be John Piper. To-day he may be anybody. That is the New Ecclesiology.

All of which compels one to pause for a moment and salute John Rickman. It is no small personal achievement to have invented a stylistic nomenclature which has survived every change of fashion in 140 years and is now well away under the whips of the art-historians. It is to Rickman, a Quaker medical student, turned architect (he was ancestor, by the way, of the pioneer psychoanalyst of the same name, who died the other day) to whom we owe "E.E.," "Dec." and "Perp." He invented them about 1812. As labels they may lack subtlety, but they have a *prima facie* rightness which is helpful and it is not surprising that they soon eclipsed old John Carter's more pedestrian categories of 1st Pointed, 2nd Pointed, etc. The Rickman words got, anyway, into the guide-books and, perhaps through those workmanlike topographical prefaces in Kelly's Directories, became as familiar in abbreviation as "pop.," "mun. bor." and "mkt. to." Methuen's *Little Guides*, best of legacies from the era of the Old Ecclesiology, use them throughout. And now they appear again—so worn and pebble-smooth that the full-stops have vanished from the abbreviations—in two remarkable county guides which have just been published: the first, one understands, of a series designed to cover the whole country.*

Books on the English counties have come rather thick since the war, but not any, so far as I know, have proposed to themselves a cyclopedic completeness in any sphere. Except these new Penguins. Compiled by Nikolaus Pevsner, the Cambridge Slade Professor, they are put together on a system at once exclusive and elaborate. Exclusive because, as the title declares, they confine themselves to architecture —they are guides to the *buildings* of England. Elaborate because, so far as one can judge, every conceivable source of architectural information has been combed and the combings intricately spun into entries (averaging between 200 and 300 words) for each parish. Now this system has what will seem to some an unforgivable coldness. I shall be surprised if a reviewer, here and there, does not surpass himself in ironic deflation of books on the English counties compiled in London by a Cambridge don—always the same don—who, though he may (I suspect, does) visit every parish himself cannot and must not love any one county in the way one is supposed to love a county before writing about it—in the way that Cox loved his Derbyshire or Baring-Gould his Devonshire. That that reviewer will be wrong, I contend. For here is something new and, in its way, as provocative and personal as the most dyed-in-the-soil, know-every-inch-of-it county book can be.

Dr. Pevsner is an art historian of rather exceptionally wide experience. He has written on Italian Baroque painting, modern industrial design, the history of academies, various medieval subjects and, very recently, Victorian art and architecture. To him, therefore, as historian, Cornwall is constantly on the same map with Flanders, Burgundy, Tuscany, Rome or South Kensington. Often the guiding finger flicks across Europe. Thus, the 1828 Clock Tower at Redruth is like "a Cornish version of a Palazzo Vecchio tower." Restormel evokes for him "the classic moment of the Middle Ages . . . its continental parallel is Castel del Monte, Apulia." At Perranzabuloe, the font is "a piece of *volkskunst*" (I wonder what they will make of this at Perranzabuloe). And he is as universal in time as in space. The information that the Mansion at Coldrennick is by C. F. Hayward, 1870, will (if a recent computation of the Professor's is correct) convey something concrete to exactly four people in this country and one in America; while Mr. Marshall Sisson, the architect, may be surprised to find that houses he built some years ago at Charleston are included because they were built with flat roofs at a time when that made them architectural news. But all these oddities, surely (and they are mere marginal oddities) are true symptoms of good guide-making. You apply a system to the buildings of a county and you get a result. You do not get altogether what you see as the characteristic content of the county. You see what you get.

The style of the books has its quirks, sometimes an affectation (it may be) of looseness—like notes on the back of an envelope. Here is a sample, chosen, I admit, with malicious care. It relates to Elkesley, Notts.

> ST. GILES. The chancel windows look c. 1300, the nave windows humbly Dec which would go with the N arcade. A Dec niche placed diagonally at the junction of nave N wall and chancel as at Askham. But how much belongs to the partial reconstruction of 1845? The N gallery in the tower chamber certainly, with the staircase leading to it. Perp roof bosses in the nave.

I like "humbly Dec." And I like the queried extent of restoration. It is up to the incumbent or any local antiquary to straighten out this little matter, and others of the kind, and write to the Professor. He is, in fact, invited, on a fly-leaf, to do so, "in as much detail as possible."

Elkesley is no great matter and let it be said at once that when we come to a monument as important as Southwell Minster we have a simply admirable miniature building history, all compressed into note form, but expert, lucid and suggestive—better, probably, than any existing description of the building, long or short.

Criticism is sometimes implicit in the entries and, here and there, breaks crossly out. A local authority's new building is "recent, not yet completed, but already as dead as mutton." The name of a distinguished living architect is appended. But such outbursts are rare—as rare as the very occasional tributes to some particularly striking natural setting where the author's breath has, in spite of himself, been caught.

A fond loyalist of the *Little Guides*, I was delighted to find that they stand in no danger from a penetration of Penguins. Just to weigh up the risks I compared Pevsner's *Cornwall* with Arthur L. Salmon's *Little Guide* of 1903, entry by entry. Much of the ecclesiology is roughly the same in both, though Pevsner is always fuller and more exact. The occasional clashes are intriguing. I long to visit Boconnoc and discover why, to Salmon, "the church (Perp.) is very interesting," while to Pevsner it it "not an important church." Who is guessing? Or where do the standards diverge? But the real loss on the Penguin side is, of course, the total exclusion of everything which is not architecture. Take Ince Castle. Built in 1540, it is a perfect square, with four corner towers. Pevsner senses an art-historical enigma: "If the date . . . is correct, the building is of more than local interest." Salmon misses this, but tells us that Ince belonged to the Killigrews and recalls a fable that "a member of this family kept a wife in each of the towers of the four corners, each believing she was sole mistress." Now, obviously, if we are visiting Ince, it is delightful to know this story, just as it is as well to know about Furry Day at Helston and how, on Brown Willy, Baring-Gould got in the bog right up to his arm-pits. Pevsner does not care. But you cannot have it all ways, and if it is art-history you want, Pevsner is your man. And it must be admitted that it is the art-historian rather than the fabulist and antiquarian who has, till now, been the missing author in our county literature.

It is the art-historian who sees what nobody has really bothered to look at for centuries. Into his net come all sorts of the strangest church

* The Buildings of England: *Cornwall. Nottinghamshire.* By Nikolaus Pevsner. *Penguin Books.* 3s. 6d. each.

monuments, signed, very often, by forgotten sculptors who, when their works are ranged together, become real personalities. The lesser country houses are gathered, at least, to the school which bred them, if not ascribed to some local master. Church-plate, follies, derelict work-houses and prisons, fogous, clapper-bridges, chemical factories, dovecots, Victorian stained glass, pithead baths—all these things are noted on an assessment, not of their antiquity alone or their beauty, if any, but of their *significance* in history and art.

The sweep of time, right up to our own back-doors, is the conception of history which grips the contemporary imagination. The mapping of the last decade but one is a mounting obsession in literary criticism, and scarcely less so in the visual arts. A Nottinghamshire pithead-bath, built by the Miners' Welfare Committee in 1934, is already symbolic in the same way that a workhouse built under the Poor Law Act of 1834 or a Georgian mansion, built out of South Sea dividends, is symbolic. Even, one can detect in one's feelings about the new building a trace, faint but unmistakable, of that nostalgia for the just forgotten which brought one round to looking at Victorian churches, twenty years ago. The sweep of time—no, the creep of time, just behind us, so that we look quickly round—charms us with its fearful realism.

These guide-books, indeed, are something more than an old kind of thing better done than it has been done before. Increasingly our whole culture is obsessed with the realism of history, so that no work of art can satisfy us completely unless we can pin it to a juncture of events—social, economic, personal-psychological. So ardent is this passion for the time context, that quite humble, thoughtless works—of architecture especially—become enjoyably exciting by virtue of their coincidence with an historic dot.

These new guides serve the time-cult. They do so, it must be added, with quite astonishing generosity. Thrown in for the petty price of three-and-sixpence are a useful glossary of terms and nearly a hundred admirable photographs, ranging from Trevethy Quoit in the Cornwall guide to Nottinghamshire's great chemical factory at Beeston. There may conceivably be a moral in the strange affinity between the piled granite slabs of the one and the mushroom-slab construction of the other. But that is the kind of thing which Professor Pevsner leaves entirely to the reader.

JOHN SUMMERSON

AT THE SEASIDE

Sirens are part of rocks and at low tides
From narrow doorways do materialise
In flickering planes the traitor fantasy
Of generations that have gone to sea.

Songs in banal parlours where valves gleam
Are part of rocks and of a sailor's dream
And where rock runs down steep to the deep sea
There between height and depth lies treachery

Basking while white birds mew and long-beaked birds
Dive. There are eyes that without need of words
Make offer of complicity in crimes
Fished up new-fangled out of siren times.

Many there are that habit in the sea
Whether to have or to be had as food.
These look too knowing for a sailor's good.

CHARLES MADGE

THE MOMENT OF DECISION

Documents On British Foreign Policy 1919-1939. Edited by E. L. WOODWARD and ROHAN BUTLER, assisted by MARGARET LAMBERT. Third Series, Volume IV, 1939. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 35*s*.

Foreign policy is usually a matter of compromises and expedients, not of clear-cut decisions. It was not so in the short period when Neville Chamberlain was Prime Minister. Appeasement, including if necessary the sacrifice of Czechoslovakia, was a conscious policy, deliberately pursued, as earlier volumes of the Foreign Office documents have shown. The most recent volume, which runs from January 20 until April 3, 1939, tells a different story: the end of appeasement and the helter-skelter decision, taken overnight, to guarantee Poland—a decision which committed this country to European war on the most unfavourable terms. It is an admirable volume, excellently arranged (except for putting relations with Italy in a separate chapter), and with some uncovenanted blessings, such as Nevile Henderson's private letters and minutes by permanent officials, which the Editors once intended to exclude. These minutes are much to the credit of the Foreign Office; it is the more regrettable that earlier minutes, perhaps less to their credit, were not published. There is one lamentable, though inevitable, omission. We still know nothing of the military advice given to the British Government. Were the military advisers of opinion that we could not fight a successful war against Germany with the aid of the Czechs in 1938? And were they of opinion that we could fight a successful war with the aid of Poland in 1939? Or were the two great decisions of appeasement and resistance taken for political reasons without consulting the military advisers? We have still no means of knowing. Yet, if the Foreign Office documents are to be published, why are military papers or the records of the Cabinet to be treated as sacred?

By the end of January, 1939, the Foreign Office had lost all faith in Hitler's good intentions. They were prepared for the worst: a sudden attack on Holland, on Belgium, or even on the British Fleet. They pressed for, and apparently got, practical military discussions with the French. Their only scrap of policy was to try to win over Italy, or at any rate to secure her neutrality. But this had an awkward consequence. Italy could be appeased only at the expense of France; and when the French were asked not to take any steps against Italy without British permission, they objected to being treated as they and the British had treated the Czechs. British policy was at a dead end. France was essential to them; they could not buy Italy without offending France (naturally they never thought of buying Italy at their own expense); therefore they had to drift in the vague hope that Hitler would somehow frighten France or Italy or both. Instead Hitler frightened the British themselves.

It had always been foreseen by Nevile Henderson, and presumably by the British Government, that Czechoslovakia would become a German protectorate. The alarming thing about Hitler's occupation of Prague on March 15 was its haste; it made the British think that Hitler was in a hurry to go farther. Of course the Prague *coup* had also a decisive effect on British public opinion; and the Government would have had to protest in any case. But they would not have acted unless they had been convinced that Hitler meant to march straight on into Rumania—probably with Hungarian assistance. The British could do nothing to help Rumania; they did not suppose that Russia could do much; hence Poland seemed essential. Even when the immediate alarm blew over, the British continued to argue that Poland, and Poland alone, could provide the "second front," by which Germany could be defeated. In the decisive fortnight between March 15 and March 30 Colonel Beck bluffed the British Government into believing that he had freedom of choice—that Germany had no designs on Poland and that she could stay neutral in the coming war if she chose. Thus when the British guaranteed to help Poland on March 30 they thought that they had scored a great success and obtained a Polish guarantee to help them. The guarantee was supposed to commit Poland to war; the British thought that they themselves were committed already.

The guarantee to Poland was also decisive in regard to Russia; this was certainly not intended by the British Government. They realised that Russia was withdrawing into isolation as the result of Munich; plenty of warnings from Moscow are printed in this volume. But they supposed that if they abandoned the policy of Munich and committed themselves to Europe the Russians also would return to collective security. Moreover, they argued that, if they made an alliance with Russia, Poland would go over to Germany; whereas if they allied themselves with Poland, Russia might still join the anti-German front or, at the very least, remain neutral. This was, in fact, what happened. British and Soviet policy alike took Poland seriously as a Great Power. If the Russians had realised that Poland would collapse within a month, they would probably not have made the Nazi-Soviet pact; if the British had realised it, they would not have given their guarantee. In that case, Hitler would have overrun the whole of Europe without a war. He was defeated by the blunders of his opponents, not by their foresight.

The decision of March 30 led England to war, with Poland and without Russia. Yet it was not meant as a decision, except in the sense that a speculator on the Stock Exchange decides to cut his losses. Chamberlain meant to have another go at agreement with Germany and, more half-heartedly, at agreement with Russia. This will be the theme of the following volumes.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

A LIFE OF HAYLEY

Blake's Hayley. By MORCHARD BISHOP. *Gollancz.* 25*s*.

"Blake's Hayley" is not the title that the Hermit of Eartham would have expected to head his biography; "Cowper's Hayley" would be more strictly just: for if in his relations with his "good Blake" he blundered into immortality, his real services to Cowper, both as friend and biographer, really do entitle him to modest fame. Mr. Bishop's account of this latter relationship contains some really moving passages, yet even so Hayley remains a sort of literary clown, even though the comedy is played against a background of much sorrow and bereavement, and rises at times to generous sublimity. The young literary tuft-hunter, who, fresh from Eton, dedicated an Ode to the King of Poland, an execrable novel to the Archbishop of Canterbury, sent the first of a number of lamentable plays to Garrick, and so on, was behaving in character and yet sublimely, when, in a last vain effort to save the sanity of his friend Cowper, he faked an "ecstatic Vision": (Hayley was a kindly libertine, and something of a free-thinker) that begins "I beheld the Throne of God, whose splendour, tho' in excess, did not strike me blind." He goes on to say that it was revealed to him that for poor Cowper, peace with Heaven was to be preceded by signs, in the form of "Letters from Members of Parliament, from Judges, and from Bishops, to thank Him for the service, that He has render'd to the Christian world by his devotional poetry. These shall be follow'd by a letter from the Prime Minister to the same effect." To procure such letters, generous, blundering Hayley raised, if not Heaven, at least earth, though, as with so many of his kindly ill-conceived schemes, with limited success. Strange to find Hayley not once (though Blake) but a second time, so uneasily involved, like the ass-eared Bottom, with ecstatic Visions!

As to the Blake story, the only material evidence Mr. Bishop adds, is to Hayley's credit—a rear-guard action fought on Blake's behalf with Lady Hesketh and other members of Hayley's circle. But Mr. Bishop, I think, exaggerates the black-

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JOHN LEHMANN

washing of Hayley by Blake scholars. Bernard Blackstone's *English Blake*, if I remember, gives a kindly picture of Hayley, and interprets the phrase about "practising on my wife" in the only sensible way—Hayley did not attempt to seduce Mrs. Blake, but he may very well have tried to bring her round to his own views of how Blake should manage his affairs in order to earn a little more money! A letter in which Hayley speaks of Mrs. Blake as the paragon of wives confirms this view.

Yet it can be no accident that so much of Hayley's well-doing miscarried: two wives left him; and his much loved natural son, Thomas Alphonso, who emerges from this biography as an uncommonly charming and brave boy, died at the age of nineteen, in spite of, or as a result of, his father's solicitude for his education and unshakeable belief in sea-bathing well into the winter. According to Mr. Bishop, "his principal failing was an irrespressible obstinacy, to which, in conjunction with his extreme lack of judgment, most of his misfortunes in life, both matrimonial and literary, might be attributed." One guesses that with his beloved Tom, as with Blake and others (he was for ever giving Romney bad advice about what he ought to paint) good will was blinded by egotism. Hayley, one guesses, seldom listened to other people, though all who knew him, even Gibbon, had to listen to Hayley reading his poems. He was too cultured for the local gentry, and they naturally suspected the "Hermit" who decorated his library with the works of Romney and Flaxman, and who brought odd fish like Blake into the village; but he was yet too much the wealthy amateur to be at home in the literary world. Yet his friends loved him for his qualities of heart, and Hayley the country host of Gibbon, Romney, Cowper, Mrs. Opie, and many more, riding his thoroughbred, umbrella in hand, in the English rain, remains one of the endearing eccentrics of English Letters.

Mr. Bishop's biography is written to Southey's text, "everything about him is good except his poetry." Truly generous he was, and Dante's Cary (if these annexations are to be kept up) adds to this an encomium seldom deserved by men of letters: "I doubt whether he was ever provoked to use a single word of asperity or sarcasm to any of his contemporaries." He was, besides, modest in his way. He was offered the Laureateship (given instead to Pye) and how happily he would have devoted himself to the task of writing occasional verse. There seems no reason to suppose that he refused an honour that he might well have coveted for reasons other than those he gave—that he did not consider he deserved it.

Mr. Bishop is inclined to be diffuse, and his style is marred by journalistic mannerisms, like that of beginning not only sentences, but even paragraphs, with "And," "And so," "For it was," and suchlike. Yet he serves Hayley well; the hospitable Hermit's Good deserves, however ephemerally, to be disinterred from his grave: for whatever Evil has lived after him is, after all, in the comic vein.

KATHLEEN RAINE

Constantine Cavafy

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Neurosis and Human Growth. By KAREN HORNEY. *Routledge*. 21*s*.

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The establishment of an orthodoxy carries an invitation to dissent, which seldom goes long unanswered. It also ensures a ready hearing for the dissenters—for people grow tired of ideas which have become habitual—and a prestige which depends as much on what is repudiated as on what replaces it. Karen Horney and Erich Fromm both owe a great deal to their Freudian upbringing; and something at any rate of the high repute these writers enjoy on both sides of the Atlantic can be attributed to well-timed iconoclasm. Dr. Horney's apostasy can now, with her inclusion in Edward Glover's gallery of offenders, be considered official—"Horney," the citation reads, "abandoned *dynamic* psychology for a meticulous concern with the *superficial* rugosities of character." In her new book she attempts a systematic account of Neurosis, its source and its development. The neurotic impulse she traces to the "Search for Glory," a quest unlike any inspired by normal ambition, since its objects are unlimited and unrealisable. The Search manifests itself in "Claims," which are demands made unreasonably of the external world, and "Shoulds," which are their internal counterpart. In fulfilment of these compulsive requirements, there emerges an "idealised self," which comes to occupy the neurotic's attention to the exclusion of the "actual self" (what he is), and the "real self" (what he could be). Alienation from either the actual self or the real self can occur, and it is hardly surprising to learn that they are difficult to tell apart. (There is also something called the pseudo-self. I think this is the same as the idealised self, but I am not sure.) The further outcome of these developments is *neurotic pride*, recognised to be so by its irrational quality, and accompanying it a whole catalogue of different kinds of self-hate and self-contempt. The possibilities for conflict in such a system are obviously fairly numerous. The most important—"the central inner conflict"—is between the real self and the pride system, and here Dr. Horney's account verges on the Manichaean. Relief from conflict and tension is sought by means of a number of neurotic compromises, of which three are characteristic. First, the *expansive*, whose motive force is power, and whose result is failure to detect, or even conceive of, any lapse from the exaggerated standards imposed by the neurosis; secondly, the *self-effacing*, in which love is the predominant drive and guilt the consequence; and thirdly, the *resigned*, inspired by the idea of freedom, and showing itself in withdrawal and apathy interrupted by moments of ill-sustained rebellion—"one day" as a character of Christopher Fry's remarks "I shall burst my bud of calm and blossom into hysteria." None of these compromises is to be regarded as successful and in the course of treatment, disillusionment, emotional as well as intellectual, precedes the liberation of the real self. "Freud's philosophy," Dr. Horney ends on a note of ingenuous irrelevancy, ". . . is a pessimistic one. Ours, with all its cognizance of the tragic element in neurosis, is an optimistic one."

In this drastic summary I am uneasily aware of failing to do justice to Dr. Horney. The reason, I think, is that her contentions are in no way explanatory, and, in summarising them, the point gains emphasis. They are in fact descriptions of a rather metaphorical kind, and their value lies in the mass of sensitive and intimate observation on which they are built; this is a veritable handbook of neurotic etiquette. Dr. Fromm's book, by contrast, can only be judged on the merits of its argument, which are not extreme. "Religion is any system of thought and action shared by a group which gives the individual a frame of orientation and an object of devotion." Since this apparently includes practically any form of activity which is pursued by more than one person, it is not to be wondered at that "the question is not *religion or not* but *which kind of religion*." Religions, continues Dr. Fromm, can be considered in two classes: the authoritarian and the humanistic. Corresponding to his religious classification is a psychological one; what ought the "physician of the soul"—Dr. Fromm has in mind the psychoanalyst—try to do? Should he aim at "adjusting" the individual to the society in which he lives, however imperfect that society be, or should he fortify him in his resistance to an unsatisfactory environment? The first is the authoritarian solution, the authority being that of organised society; the second, the humanistic, rooted in such values as "independence, integrity and the ability to love."

It is a distinction of limited justification either theoretically or practically. In theory, because the first solution, as much as the second, implies a judgment of value—"adjustment" is a way of saying that the hedonic criterion has been preferred to other standards. If any distinction is to be made on these lines, it would seem more useful to inquire not which values are to be accepted but whose—those of the physician or those of the patient? Dr. Fromm, I suspect, would back the physician. Freud also seemed to have little doubt that his own values were what the doctor ought to order. Authoritarian attitudes can be founded as firmly on individual as on social prejudice. In the practical business of psychotherapy Dr. Fromm's dichotomy seems equally redundant. Psychologists, working often by rule of thumb, may find it difficult to give their purpose exact definition. If pressed, however, the answer is usually a mixed one. "Adjustment" is the first consideration, since maladjustment when it exceeds certain limits puts the patient in danger of total breakdown—of psychosis and disorganisation. But the limits are generous. The final choice will be effected, whether or not he knows it, by the patient; the physician's business, on this argument, is to recognise the sort of solution which is likely to occur, and ensure that it is one which lies within the limits prescribed. His job is not to chart a particular course, but to know where the rocks are, and keep his patient off them.

A. D. HARRIS

NEW NOVELS

School for Love. By OLIVIA MANNING. *Heinemann*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Man on the Pier. By JULIA STRACHEY. *Lehmann*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Day of the Triffids. By JOHN WYNDHAM. *Michael Joseph*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

In these days of debutante fiction, it is interesting for a reviewer—too old at 20 and too male at birth—to consider two books by women novelists of established reputation, and to note that in diversity as well as in maturity they constitute a pretty extensive landscape of the novel. About

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School for Love there is nothing which one could distinguish as being specifically feminine; Miss Manning is one of the few women novelists who can tell a story seen through masculine eyes without leaving a trace of lipstick on the cup. In this case the eyes belong to a sixteen-year-old boy, and what they see are mostly the goings-on of Miss Bohun, a distant relation who, when Felix is left an orphan, takes him into her house in Jerusalem. There are other people in the novel—in particular there is Mrs. Ellis with whom Felix falls in love—but Miss Bohun is the person who matters. *School for Love* is primarily a study in selfishness, the complacent selfishness of a partly absurd yet sinister do-gooder. A skilfully irritating story, in that we are compelled to share the naivety of a particularly naive adolescent, it is in its final effect both entertaining and repellent. Miss Manning's easy direct style is convincing, her narration is fluent, and her characters are all real and alive; it seems a dissipation of talent to devote it to so elaborate study of a selfishness which is extensive rather than heroic. Miss Bohun seems like a Balzacian minor character who had got out of hand, and this is unfortunate because the boldness of her portrait makes it impossible for very subtle effects to be obtained round about her. Thus Felix is too consistently naive and his condition too consistently miserable. Yet even if Miss Manning has pressed rather heavily with her pen in achieving these effects, the most impressive thing about this novel is her grim realisation of Felix's naivety and misery—that condition of being insulted and injured which is at the core of adolescence.

The Man on the Pier is a very different kind of book, fastidious and mannered, a delicate vintage of the Twenties to be decanted from its dusty bottle into fine crystal and regarded against the candlelight with the bright peacock's eye of the connoisseur. With characters who seem to have been taught to speak by Aldous Huxley and to feel by Virginia Woolf, it must appear occasionally to be, if not derivative, at least self-conscious. But let us hold it against the light:

> "Indigestion, perhaps," said Aron, "But a *princesse*—I think not. I think you'll find, dear, that that is a small pension . . . some provincial *jardin publique*. And that lady is the wife of the local ironmonger, sitting on there after the other pensionnaires have gone."
>
> And let us take the bouquet. . . .
>
> There below him again lay the valley, its willows and farmstead and white chalk road, the flat fields of grain and hay intersected by dark hedges, rolling away to the shallow downland country with its dark patches of woodland and the pale-blue shoulders of the higher hills rising beyond.
>
> He stared at all this sadly—it was a mirage, azure, sumptuous, velvety, impalpable, shining through leagues of air burning with sunlight, and he an exile, fallen, and barred outside.

But if the colour and the bouquet give rise to reminiscence, the body will not encourage it. For the central theme is particularly timeless being that of an exile, brought about by lust, from peace and contentment. *The Man on the Pier* opens with a boast of contentment calculated to rouse the anger of the gods, and the boaster, Ned Moon, is punished by the appearance of the "pink-and-white sugar-cake face" of Marina. The climax of Ned's suffering is reached in a scene in which he stands in an abandoned house in the depths of the woods, regarding in anguish the pornography scribbled and drawn on the walls. In its portrayal of suffering, of the mangled mind, this scene does achieve something of classical stillness and vividness. It is the most brilliant of the lightning flashes of insight which redeem the strain of affectation in Miss Strachey's novel.

The Day of the Triffids is what is called science fantasy, and not content with producing one basic fantasy-idea, Mr. Wyndham has, with a rather ill-considered generosity, produced two. A sudden universal blindness is, I think, a good idea for a book of this kind, simple and not too incredible, but to link it to a fantasy of ambulant, poisonous, and carnivorous plants is surely going too far, even for the space-hero monthlies. Mr. Wyndham's book is of course a more serious and intelligent affair than these, being in fact in direct descent from the famous Wellsian romances which every reviewer is bound to mention. To rival Wells in this line is a not uncommon ambition, and it seems curious that both authors and the public fail to realise that the bottom dropped out of the market in 1914. The element of "science fantasy" really played quite a small part in the success of Wells's novels; the real point of them was a wrenching disturbance of ordinary life. Wells's readers were like middle-class children enjoying camping; we, nowadays, are like slum children to whom leaking roofs and damp blankets offer neither novelty nor pleasure. Mr. Wyndham's notion of a London populated by blind, starving, and hopeless looters has an effect on his readers in 1951 different from what it would have been in 1911. His approach and manner are in any case a little uncertain, and serve to drive home the fact that Wells's success in this genre has never been repeated and can now never be approached.

J. D. SCOTT

FROM PSYCHICAL RESEARCH TO PHILOSOPHY

Homo Faber. By G. N. M. TYRRELL. *Methuen.* 15s.

This is a book of first-rate interest, the product of a powerful mind thinking freshly and originally about one of the most hackneyed subjects of our time, the nature and limitations of scientific method. Mr. Tyrrell's thesis is briefly as follows. That man's body has been adapted to its surroundings in the course of evolution is a commonplace; but so, too, Mr. Tyrrell claims, has his mind. More specifically, mind has been adapted to take what we know as the common-sense view of existence as a collection of things spread out in space and enduring in time. To *be* at all is, in fact, for it, to be spread out in space, to endure in time, and to be susceptible of quantitative measurement. Science, which is common sense organised as a number of specialised disciplines, endorses this view.

It will be seen that Mr. Tyrrell's approach resembles Kant's. Space, time, and quantitative measurability, are like spectacles which, gradually constructed in the course of the evolutionary process, have become firmly affixed to the bridges of our mental noses and restrict and colour the vision of our mental eyes. The function of science is to polish and clarify the spectacles. Well and good, says Mr. Tyrrell in effect, provided that the fact is realised and allowed for. But it is not. In consequence, we fall into two errors. First, we suppose that "the entire cosmos can be grasped in principle by the human intellect," that is to say, by the kind of intellectual process of which science makes use; secondly, we take it for granted that there is no other way of grasping it. Mysticism, for example, is dismissed as moonshine, while intuition is degraded to the kind of faculty with which women are reproached when they are wrong.

Mr. Tyrrell's name has hitherto been associated with psychical research. An eminent investigator, he has also made important contributions to the theory of the subject. Indeed, his Pelican, *The Personality of Man*, is the best modern work on psychical research known to me. In the present work psychical research enters in only as providing Mr. Tyrrell with a clue to the special role which he has assigned to the intellect as a biassed and limiting interpreter of reality. Mr. Tyrrell was struck by the attitude adopted by the scientists to what are called para-normal phenomena. For as long as they could, scientists denied their existence. When this was no longer possible, they gathered them together under the title of extra-sensory perceptions divided into two main categories, thought transference and clairvoyance, on the basis of the results of the experiments in card calling conducted by Rhine, Soal and others. These results are measurable; they are, therefore, objective, scientific, recognised. Why? Because, Mr. Tyrrell suggests, they "keep the para-normal within the limits of space and time and so have the effect of drawing the phenomena into the familiar world." He gives reasons for thinking that the commonly accepted interpretations in terms of telepathy and clairvoyance are inadequate. His interest, however, lies less in the information which para-normal phenomena may or may not be supposed to give about another order of reality, than in the light which they throw or, rather, which their reception throws upon this one. What they taught Mr. Tyrrell was that "the human mind is in the grip of an unconscious urge which makes it cleave desperately to the world of familiar things and to resist all that threatens to tear it away from its moorings". This conclusion provides a starting point to the range of inquiries which the author pursues in his fascinating book, inquiries which I have no space to summarise here. Broadly, they issue in two conclusions which I give in Mr. Tyrrell's own words:

> (a) "that the world presented by our senses, even when enlarged by scientific exploration, is not the whole"; (b) and "that the human being, as it appears in ordinary life, is not the whole being."

This conclusion is reached as the result of an elaborate process of intellectual inquiry and argument, but it is reinforced by the findings of a special faculty which Mr. Tyrrell calls "direct insight." For the mind is not, he holds, a compact tightly closed entity. It is a loose structure of many strata and the higher, which are informed by "direct insight," can be extended by special exercises and practices so a man can become increasingly aware of the nature of the universe of which the "adapted" intellect provides only a partial perspective.

Those who are acquainted with Bergson's work to which Mr. Tyrrell makes frequent references, will be reminded of his conception

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of the intellect as a practical faculty evolved for purposes of action and of intuition as the faculty which gives us metaphysical truth. I don't mean that Mr. Tyrrell plagiarises, but it is interesting to note how, starting from a very different standpoint, that, namely, of psychical research, he reaches a similar conclusion. To those familiar with Bergson's work there will immediately occur two familiar criticisms. First, can the mind really be bifurcated between an intellect adapted by evolution and a faculty, whether you call it "direct insight" or "intuition," which is apparently immune from it? Secondly, is not the whole of Mr. Tyrrell's closely reasoned book a product of that very intellect which has been "adapted" and whose conclusions, in so far as they purport to give us truth about reality, it impugns?

C. E. M. JOAD

DETECTION

The Long Divorce. By EDMUND CRISPIN. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Man Dead. By SELWYN JEPSON. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Origin of Evil. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Duplicate Death. By GEORGETTE HEYER. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Secret Search. By E. R. PUNSHON. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Beware Your Neighbour. By MILES BURTON. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Self-Portrait of Murder. By FRANCIS BONNAMY. *Murray.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

"Evening Standard" Detective Book. Second Series. *Gollancz.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

The Long Divorce is naturally of steel (Henry VIII, Act II, Scene I), and the title is typical of the flippant approach of highly cultivated authors to detection. Pick out an impressive quotation from English Literature and build a plot round it as best you can. If the material runs short, fill in the gaps with ludicrous perjiflage. Edmund Crispin is one of the most talented practitioners of the system; but on this occasion he finds himself so skimped of relevant facts that to complete his structure to specification, he is forced to introduce large slabs of sentimental love. His ingenuity, however, is never at fault; and as a feat of detective jerry-building *The Long Divorce* must be warmly commended. To the gallery of comic animals, for which Crispin is famous, must now be added a paranoiac cat called Lavender, whose cosmic delusions save the situation at the critical moment.

Man Dead will make an excellent film in due course; but the virtues of celluloid are not invariably the same as those of print. In catering for the emotional indulgence of the cinema Mr. Jepson ignores the stern discipline of ratiocination which true detection requires. All the same *Man Dead* is packed with excitement. The heroine finds herself saddled with the murdered body of a great statesman whom she was expecting for a quiet week-end. The disposal of the corpse starts a chain of grey coupés, "custom-built automobiles" and little green two-seaters circling round London and ends with a grand show-down at Marble Arch. But for a young lady who has already put a hot-water bottle in her admirer's bed before the book begins, Mr. Jepson sadly stints his heroine's subsequent actions of *savoir vivre*.

A new Ellery Queen is something of a rarity nowadays. The two American cousins, who write under this pseudonym, have long since overcome the stiff formality of their youth, and have been writing in their shirt-sleeves for the last ten or fifteen years. *The Origin of Evil*, wherein a couple of old jewellers are put to death at Hollywood after some cryptic interplay with lampreys, fish, frogs and alligators, is altogether too free and easy to enhance the authors' reputation. The plot is fair enough to the reader—but the motive is as fabulous as they come, and—worse still—the villain of the piece is obvious, once you have attended the Queen's compulsory lectures on Evolution.

Miss Heyer, too, has long been away from the detective shelf: *Envious Casca*, her last contribution, dates from 1941. *Duplicate Death* concerns a double murder in high society, where there are apparently numerous devotees to the game of duplicate bridge—and other games which I had better not specify. The book suffers from reckless over-writing. The characters are wildly exaggerated; the dialogue is far too good to be true—the back-chat between the detectives, one of them preferring to speak in Gaelic, reads like an entry for some strange NEW STATESMAN competition; and everyone concerned behaves according to the tenets of women's magazines. But the plot itself is sound and, indeed, ingenious enough to deserve more astringent handling. If any readers relish a talented novelist running riot with detection, *Duplicate Death* will handsomely serve their turn.

Two of the most dependable journeymen in the sleuth trade, Messrs. Punshon and Burton, provide fresh samples of their workmanship. Bobby Owen's 28th assignment, however, is hardly worthy of such a veteran. In *The Secret Search* he becomes involved in gang warfare, where his rather crude task is to pick out who is doing the kidnapping and murdering from among two rival sets of blackguards. For the reader, unfortunately, it can make little difference whom he eventually arrests in the bewildering complexity of London low life. Mr. Miles Burton's range of suspects is more compact. In *Beware Your Neighbour* anonymous letters herald the arrival of death at Hallows Green; and, when two of the residents are found dead in bed, we need only look a few yards away for the murderer. A mild ale from the Burton brewery, suitable for light-hearted holiday consumption.

Why should a Lothario of an artist, with all the money, the fame and the women that any man could want, paint a self-portrait of himself hanging dead, and then string himself up to a beam? Why, indeed! Yet there is a perfectly straightforward answer staring one in the face. If Mr. Bonnamy had any charm of style with which to propound his ingenious ideas *Self-Portrait of Murder* would be a whizzing success. As it is, the colourless American rattle grinds one down into insensibility long before the *dénouement*. All the same I should like readers to try their hand at answering that question: I admit I was completely foxed myself.

The list of 27 contributors to "*The Evening Standard*" *Detective Book: 2nd Series* contains enough eminent names to make one's mouth water: Josephine Bell, Edmund Crispin, Freeman Wills Crofts, Cyril Hare, Michael Innes, Milward Kennedy, etc., etc. But the length of their stories reflects the paper shortage and some of the entries are decidedly cramped for space. As a narcotic the dose must be increased: I doubt whether one could get to sleep under a minimum of three.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

American Literature in the Twentieth Century. By HEINRICH STRAUMANN. *Hutchinson's University Library.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Anyone who has attempted the task of surveying contemporary literature within a limited space will sympathise with Professor Straumann. Announcing firmly that his book is intended to be "a study in attitudes," he goes on to tackle the American *Zeitgeist*, and subordinates his authors to its various isms: pragmatism, determinism, idealism and so on. The result is a tidy and intelligent framework, into which the individual authors fit with almost a click. At times the juxtaposition is most effective, as when one observes Edith Wharton snuggled up against Erskine Caldwell. The general tone is pleasantly humane. Yet Professor Straumann leaves the reader unsatisfied. His achievement, and his limitation, may be seen by comparing his book with H. S. Commager's recent *The American Mind*. Both cover somewhat the same ground, Professor Straumann very nimbly in view of the fact that his study is much the shorter. For both,

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(518)

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The 60th annual general meeting of Furness, Withy & Company Limited, will be held at Furness House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, on Friday, September 28.

The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, Sir Ernest H. Murrant, K.C.M.G., M.B.E., which has been circulated with the Report and Accounts for the year ended April 30, 1951:—

As stockholders are aware, we have reached a landmark in the history of the company, this being the 60th year since incorporation as a public company. The record has been one of continuous expansion and to-day we are able to present accounts which reveal the results of a long period of careful husbandry and enterprise.

The gross profit from ships trading and all other ancillary businesses amounted to £4,646,996. The net amount brought into the parent company's accounts is £696,982.

A dividend of 9¼ per cent on the ordinary stock of the company is recommended, being the average of the gross distributions for the two past years.

We regret that our 12,000 ordinary stockholders are among the many who must suffer from the effects of the increased cost of living without being permitted to enjoy any compensating increase in income on their savings.

It would seem that both from the point of view of National Defence, and the domestic necessity of maintaining our fleet, it is right to continue to build new ships for the requirements of our various trades, notwithstanding present inflated costs. It is therefore to be hoped that the Royal Commission on the Taxation of Profits and Income will take serious and understanding notice of the representations which have been made by the shipping industry and will bear in mind that whilst it is practicable to shear a sheep once a year, skinning it has dire consequences.

Our current business continues to be satisfactory. We have confidence in the future of British Shipowning provided the achievements of the past and hopes for the future are not shattered by the introduction of doctrinal theories such as have resulted in costly disillusionment in other key industries.

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æsthetic valuation is a secondary matter; and both therefore select their writers as men who breathe the climate of opinion rather than form it. Professor Straumann gives a fairer hearing to certain recent authors than does Commager (who dismisses Faulkner, Hemingway *et. al.* in a chapter called "The Cult of the Irrational"). Nevertheless, the discussions of individual writers tend to be flat. What is said of them is interesting; still—and it could not be otherwise, as Professor Straumann has organised his material—a good deal remains unsaid. Perhaps it was inevitable that so many fine poets should get so little hearing; but what a pity.

Was I Really Necessary ? By RICHARD WILLIAMS-THOMPSON. *World's Press News.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Richard Williams-Thompson is widely held to have been the most imaginative and successful of all the Government Public Relations Officers since 1945. This spicily, but carelessly, written book gives a series of impertinent answers to the very pertinent question which gives it its title. The author's prestige and experience lend weight to some serious criticism he makes of the top-heavy organisation of the Government information services. For this reason his book will serve as a valuable first source for anybody wishing to make a complete and serious study of this important subject. Beyond that, it is a scandalous and not unamusing account of three years in the life of a very unconventional temporary Civil Servant in the Ministry of Supply, of his battle against the inertia and suspicion of his established colleagues, and the considerable, if intermittent, influence he was able to exert on policy. The question posed in the title is in the end answered authoritatively and unambiguously in the affirmative. But one cannot help wondering whether the brash and ill-considered personal judgments in which the book abounds may not have done more to undermine the trust of Whitehall in imaginative Public Relations than all Williams-Thompson's efforts in the Ministry to build it up.

The Structure of Poetry. By ELIZABETH SEWELL. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

What makes language into poetry? Or, as Miss Sewell restates the problem, how does the poet organise the open, imperfect system of language, with its two aspects of sound-look and reference, so as to create the closed, perfect, independent system he desires his poem to be? The normal organisation, she suggests, is " the ordering of sound-look according to the principles of Number, and of reference according to the principles of Dream," for Number and Dream are partly-closed mental systems, lying between the closed, stable extremes of perfect order (Logic) and perfect disorder (Nightmare), and overlapping into the field of language and experience. She tries out her conclusions on two extremists: the Rimbaud of *Les Illuminations* and the Mallarmé of the sonnets—the one seeking a perfect universe of Nightmare, *of everythingness*, through reference-Dream order alone; the other of Logic, of *no thing*, through sound-look-Number. Taking three examples from each she sets out in a series of tables her own attempts to discover their constructional unity according to her formulations. Her general argument proceeds through some rather forbidding territory—semantics, logic, mathematics, physics—but it is certainly worth pursuing, even though we may possibly feel in the end that " the ordering of sound-look according to the principles of Number " is not much more than an abstrusely-deduced formula for something rather obvious, while " the ordering of reference according to the principles of Dream " has very little relevance to a very large amount of language that has been successfully made into poetry.

Oscar Slater : The Great Suspect. By PETER HUNT. *Carroll & Nicholson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Oscar Slater spent the years between 1909 and 1928 in Peterhead prison for a murder he did not commit. If his life was a nightmare, this account of his case reads like a fantasy upon the viciousness and ineptitude of the Glasgow police, the injustice of a Scottish judicial system that so long lacked a Court of Criminal Appeal, and the callousness of the politicians who tenaciously refused to quash his conviction until his life had been wrecked. The fates conspired against him. His conviction rested upon identification. Yet there was proof that the vital witnesses were coached and browbeaten by the police; that perjury was committed by more than one witness; and that evidence vital to the defence was suppressed by the authorities. If the police had made a mistake —suspicion only fell on Slater through a clue that was known to be false before his arrest—they were so determined not to be shown wrong that they actively assisted the conspiracy of the fates by every conceivable form of distortion, prejudice and pressure. But for the interest taken by Conan Doyle and others, Slater might well have remained in Peterhead to the end of his days. And, but for the persistence of his champions in the teeth of official determination to whitewash the police, he might well have gone free solely on the grounds of technical error, his name still stained. Mr. Hunt, who has the knack of giving suspense and movement to a well-known story, seems convinced that the real murderer of Miss Gilchrist could have been found. The Slater story is a disgraceful one. Its interest lies less in the sordid crime than in the examples it provides of social and official prejudice, of the damage done to a suspect's case by press agitation and public feeling, and of judicial tragic-farce.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,125

Set by Brenda Hewitt

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe
All mimsy were the borogroves
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Humpty Dumpty's explanation of these four lines is well known; competitors are invited to submit a new commentary on the text (limit, 150 words) Entries by September 25th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,122

Set by G. de Vavasour

Prizes are offered for an extract of the following : a description of a murder by Jane Austen ; of an afternoon tea party in a cathedral town by Hemingway ; of a football match by I. Compton-Burnett ; of a prize day at a girls' school by Conrad ; or a vignette of factory life by Henry James. (150 words.)

Report by G. de Vavasour

This perverse fancy drew entries in shoals (if that is the word), and of luscious quality ; space alone prevented a longer prize list. The Conrad, which requires drama, was least favoured ; Allan M. Laing's was nearest the mark, though I liked M. M. Carlin's beginning : " Sitting on that platform, you know, I experienced what was I suppose a perfectly gratuitous sense of dis-ease . . ." and Elizabeth Lister's conclusion : " . . . Marlow paused. ' I don't wonder she reverted to her dusky maternal gods ! ' " Best and worst were the Austens : this situation, of course, needs not drama but *behaviour*—viz. : " So great was her agitation, indeed, that only when rigor mortis was complete, was she emboldened to compose the lifeless form to a more gentlemanlike posture than that in which the unexpectedness of the seizure had contrived to place it " (Barbara Blass) ; or the assault on Mr. Collins as he lay asleep : " Good fortune had disarrayed his lapel, and she was able to insert the knitting needle without difficulty in what she judged to be his heart " (M. M. Carlin). After weighing over the final nine or ten, scruple by scruple, I suggest that the prizes be shared between the six printed, and that warm recommendations go to G. J. Blundell, Peter Alexander, H. V. S. Page, Eric Swainson, N. Kerrod, Leslie Johnson, Jennifer Ramage, Margaret Bishop, Terence Dennis, Gavin Ewart, Joyce Taylor.

JANE AUSTEN

The continued inclemency of the weather, by confining Captain Fulloughby within earshot of his companion's prattle, so worked upon the feelings of one inclined by nature and habit more to action than

to reflection that one morning he seized the poker and brought the knob of it so smartly down on the lady's fashionable turban that she was instantly deprived of life.

Observing that Kitty sat silent when apprised of these tidings, Lady Groom kindly attempted to console her.

"Take heart, my dear. This melancholy event at least terminates those acts of folly in committing which your benefactress, one must admit, shewed scant consideration for the sensibility of others (this final occurence being no exception). No doubt the heirs will remember you, the more that they are come into the estate a great deal sooner than anyone could have foreseen and before it is much dissipated. I am sure that if her bonnets had been as substantial as they were costly, she might be spared yet." ESME KELLY

Mr. Elliot, always quite the gentleman, did not omit a word of apology to Anne as he drew a loaded pistol from his pocket and discharged it at her father. Anne herself, on whom his previous conduct had left a strong impression in his disfavour, was only slightly surprised at his action. Yet the spectacle of a parent, to whom she was bound by ties of duty if not of affection, sinking with a pale and disordered countenance on the sofa, afflicted her with acute feelings of perturbation.

"I am sure you will understand," observed Mr. Elliot, turning to her, "how necessary it is that you should remain quite silent for the present."

"For heaven's sake," cried Anne, "let me fetch a surgeon."

"He could be of no use," rejoined Sir Walter faintly. "Pray hand me the Baronetage. I wish to make a final insertion in the margin."

JAMES FERGUSSON

HENRY JAMES

. . . Our young friend's first impression, that evening, as, at the hour appointed, she left her bench, was that the foreman was awaiting her with the intention of "slipping" her, it might be, a compliment upon her efficiency. The precious effect in the event, when the anticipated commendation resolved itself into "One did, in truth, expect more," was that the smile accompanying it, while inviting, perhaps, an acknowledgment, was of a kind most awfully to discourage the temptation to "give lip." Discretion, accordingly, shaped her rejoinder of "More than, you say, what?"

"More than"—he indulged a laugh—"one has, you'll agree, got. The equivalent, say, of two minutes."

"Meaning——?"

"That you, ever so understandably, mind, yet none the less prematurely, 'downed tools.'"

"But, to penalise——" She protested. "It's, believe me, of an unfairness!"

It brought him, superbly, back.

"As to that, fair or unfair, you've, so to say, my dear, 'had it.'" RONALD MASON

I. COMPTON-BURNETT

"Benedict is too possessive even at football," said Aloysius.

"When he is older it will appear a virtue," said Sylvia, "only the young are taught restraint by games."

"But we must not be restrained."

"For us it would be less difficult. Our viewpoint inclines us to impartiality."

"Our view is at the most fragmentary," said Charmian, "since half the field is hidden by Father's back."

Edward turned almost gently. "Benedict would not wish his father to miss any of his actions," he said as if it were a fact.

"You have missed one at least," said Aloysius, "Benedict has scored a goal."

Edward kept his features still and strode to the carriage.

"Poor Father," said Sylvia, "we can scarcely cheer now."

"There was never the occasion," said Aloysius, "Benedict was off-side." H. M. K.

"Remember I am depending on you to beat the Tukes," said George's father, letting his hand rest lightly on the boy's shoulder.

"Did I not depend on you I should not be here," remarked George, stooping on a pretext of tightening his laces. "I had rather not be meeting my cousins on this muddy field."

His father averted his keen though shallow profile with a spasm of annoyance. "I have always esteemed the getting of honour as one of the major pleasures."

"I fear both pleasure and honour will elude me," said George. "You had better rely on my brothers and sisters, since you yourself remain on the touch line."

"I hate playing with girls," observed Henry. "I am inhibited from kicking my best."

"The Tukes have no such inhibitions," smiled Helen. "They subscribe to the equality of the sexes."

"An annual subscription that falls due today," rejoined Lucy.

Their father raised the whistle to his lips.

MARGARET TIMS

HEMINGWAY

As Steve came into the garden Lady Hunt looked up from the table and waved.

"Go toast another tea-cake, Clara," she said. The sun shone. Steve noticed the girl wore nothing under her dress. She passed him and went on into the house.

"Sit right there by the Bishop and get acquainted," Lady Hunt said. "Steve and me were kids together, Bishop."

"Indeed," the Bishop said.

"Bishop," said Steve, "I'm kinda hoping you're going to show me that cathedral of yours."

"Delighted."

"Thanks. That'll be fine," Nick said.

"It will be fine," said Lady Hunt.

The Bishop gazed at the girl coming back from the house. "Here comes your tea-cake," he said.

Lady Hunt handed Steve a cup. He unscrewed his flask and loaded it. Lady Hunt pushed her own cup towards him.

"You know," said Steve, loading the second cup, "this tea party is fun. A lot of fun." G. J. H.

CHESS: Brilliancy Begins at Home

No. 102

My appeal for "home-made" brilliancies is finding no less constant and useful response than the "best-or-worst-move" competition. If this continues as well as can be expected it should provide at least two or three further articles before the end of the year. Here is a game won by A. J. Roycroft, and not without some theoretical interest.

(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(9)	K-Q1	Q-K2?
(2)	P-QB4	P-QB3	(10)	P-QR3!	B-R4
(3)	Kt-QB3	P-K4	(11)	B-Kt5	Kt-KB3
(4)	PxQP	BPxP	(12)	R-B1!	QxKt
(5)	P-K4	PxKP	(13)	QxQ	KtxQ
(6)	B-Kt5 ch	B-Q2	(14)	R-B8 ch	B-Q1
(7)	Q-K2	PxP	(15)	RxB mate	
(8)	KtxP	B-Kt5 ch			

Obviously (12) . . . O-O would have failed against KtxKt ch, and (12) . . . Kt-B3 against Kt-Q6 ch, etc.

Another chessbook token goes to Neil McKelvie for a game which, though not exactly flawless has a pretty enough ending. He won it at the Battersea Chess Club in 1947.

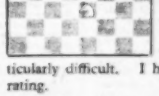
(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(13)	R-K1	KtxKt
(2)	P-QB4	P-K3	(14)	RxKt	Kt-B3
(3)	Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(15)	R-KB4	Kt-R4
(4)	B-Kt5	B-K2	(16)	RxBP	BxB
(5)	P-K3	QKt-Q2	(17)	Kt-K5	B-Kt4?
(6)	Kt-B3	P-KR3	(18)	QxKt	B-B3
(7)	B-R4	P-B3	(19)	RxP ch	BxR
(8)	R-B1	O-O	(20)	Q-B7 ch	K-R1
(9)	B-Q3	R-K1	(21)	Kt-Kt6 ch	K-R2
(10)	O-O	B-Q3?	(22)	Kt-K7 ch	K-R1
(11)	P-K4	PxKP	(23)	Q-Kt8 ch!	etc.
(12)	KtxP	B-K2			

A very well deserved prize goes to R. A. Slade for a game won in the correspondence final of the A.E.U. championship.

(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(12)	R-Kt5	Q-Q1
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(13)	P-K5	PxP
(3)	P-Q4	PxP	(14)	PxP	KtxKt
(4)	KtxP	Kt-B3	(15)	PxKt	KtxB ch
(5)	Kt-QB3	P-Q3	(16)	QxKt	BxP
(6)	B-K2	P-KKt3	(17)	R-Q5	Q-B2
(7)	B-K3	B-Kt2	(18)	Kt-Kt5	Q-B3
(8)	P-B4	Q-Kt3	(19)	RxB!	PxR
(9)	Q-Q3	QxP?	(20)	Kt-B7 ch!	QxKt
(10)	R-QKt1	Q-R6	(21)	B-Kt6 ch	Q-K2
(11)	O-O	Q-R4	(22)	R-Q8 mate	

Black's 19 and 20 moves were, of course, practically forced. Interesting (and certainly advantageous for White) would have been (11) . . . O-O; (12) KtxKt, PxKt; (13) Kt-Q5!

A: Paul Heuäcker 1951



In this week's competition **A** is a most instructive and **B** a rather subtle endgame study (the latter by one of the finest Finnish composers). They would hardly be overrated with 6 and 7 points respectively. White to win in both of them. As for **C**—White to draw—this is very witty indeed, but not particularly difficult. I hope 6 points is a fair enough rating.

B: J. Gunst 1949

C: Joh. Berger

Usual prizes. Entries by September 24.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 25

A: (1) RPxP ch, K-B4; (2) PxP ch, K-B3; (3) P-Kt5 ch, K-B4; (4) P-Kt6 ch, K-B5; (5) P-Kt3 ch, K-K5; (6) P-B3 ch, K-Q4; (7) PxP ch, K-Q3; (8) P-QB5 ch, K-Q4; (9) P-B4 ch, K-Q5; (10) P-B5 ch, etc.

B: (1) P-B4, B-Qe; (2) P queens, BxP ch; (3) K-Kt7, B-KB3 ch; (4) KxB, BxQ; (5) P-Kt4 ch, K-R3; (6) PxKtP ch, K-R2; (7) PxKtP ch, K-R1; (8) P-Kt7 ch, K-R2; (9) P-Kt6 ch, K-R3; (10) P-Kt5 ch, K-R4; (11) B-Kt4 ch

if (3) . . BxQ; (4) P-Kt4 mate

I am not surprised that a good many competitors were stumped by the intricacies of **B**. Prizes shared by M. Kaye, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg. But Eric Allan, C. Allen, S. W. Carter, R. W. B. Clarke, D. E. Cohen, J. Harman, H. F. Moxon sent equally flawless entries. ASSIAC

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Inorganic Chemistry. Salary £A1,138 to £A1,388 (including £A138 cost of living allowance), subject to superannuation contributions. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is October 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Ancient World History within the Department of History. The salary of the Senior Lecturer will be in the range £1,050-£1,300 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £122 males, £94 females) with annual increments of £50 and is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. The successful applicant will be required to take up duties as soon as possible. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is Oct. 6, 1951.

B.B.C. requires Scriptwriter in the News Talks Department to prepare scripts for Light Programme and Overseas Editions of Radio Newsreel. Sound journalistic background, up-to-date knowledge of current affairs and ability to write balanced, attractive news scripts for broadcasts to all parts of the world are essential. Experience of production at the microphone would be useful. Shift work (including night) is involved. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £965. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Scriptwriter, N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Religious Broadcasting Organizer, North Region in Manchester. Applicants should be priests of Church of England with good academic qualifications, preferably aged between 30 and 40. Duties include planning, organization and production of services, talks and other religious programmes originating in all parts of the North of England. Experience of parochial work, knowledge of the North of England and willingness and ability to work with ministers and members of other churches are required. Experience outside the regular pastoral ministry and interest in modern methods of communicating the Christian faith would be advantages. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional with five annual increments to maximum £965. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Religious Organizer, North N Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant for the Turkish Section. Requirements include thorough knowledge of Turkish as a mother tongue or equivalent standard, ability to speak it faultlessly and agreeably, good microphone voice, ability to translate for broadcasting from English into Turkish in the language now used in Turkey in the Press and on the radio, intimate knowledge of English, interest in present-day economic and political affairs. Appointment would normally be for a term not exceeding three years with prospects of promotion. Salary £655 per annum fixed. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Turkish, N Stm." within 7 days. For acknowledgement enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

COUNTY of Cornwall. Appointment of Area Youth Organiser. Applications are invited for the post of Area Youth Organiser. Salary will be on a scale of £440 × £15 (Grades A.P.T. I and II). The appointment is pensionable. Further particulars will be forwarded upon receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope by the Secretary for Education, County Hall, Truro, by whom completed applications should be received not later than October 6, 1951. E. T. Verget, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Truro.

SALOP County Council.—Applications are invited for appointment to the permanent and superannuable position of Psychiatric Social Worker. The salary, in accordance with the recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) will be within the scale £370 per annum, rising by annual increments of £20 to £530 per annum, but this is subject to review consequent upon the further recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee. Travelling and subsistence allowances will be paid in accordance with the scale of the County Council. The Psychiatric Social Worker will be on the staff of the County Medical Officer of Health and will be required to undertake Child Guidance work on behalf of the Education Committee and Mental Health work on behalf of the Health Committee. Forms of application and copies of the conditions of service may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications—together with copies of three recent testimonials—should be forwarded as soon as possible. William Taylor, County Medical Officer of Health, County Health Office, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications are invited for appointment as Visiting Officer (female) in the Children's Department. The duties of the person appointed will include the visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to the homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into the care of the County Council. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. The salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the person appointed but will not exceed a maximum of £545 a year. The Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services as from time to time amended, and as adopted by the County Council, is at present applicable to persons appointed to the established staff. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Council. Applications giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference can be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, by September 26, 1951. Canvassing directly or indirectly is forbidden. John E. Lightburn, Clerk of the County Council.

BOARDING Out Officer with Social Science or equivalent qualification; able to drive; preference given to car owner. Trav. exps. & subsistence paid. Starting salary £440 p.a. Headquarters in London. Superannuation scheme. Apply in writing within 7 days, stating age, qualifications and experience, and send copies of testimonials to the Secretary, Foundling Hospital, 40 Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

PEWSEY Hospital, Pewsey, Wilts. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at Pewsey Hospital and its associated hospitals. Applicants must possess the qualifications approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. These hospitals provide accommodation for both sexes and all grades of mental defectives. Treatment is progressive and directed towards rehabilitation in the community. There are Departments of Play Therapy, Physical Medicine, etc., and full equipment for all types of psychiatric and physiological investigation are available. General psychiatric out-patient clinics are undertaken. There are extensive opportunities for original work. Pay and conditions of service are as laid down by the Professional and Technical Council "A" of the Whitley Councils for the Health Service. A cottage is available at a reasonable rent, on the outskirts of the Pewsey Hospital grounds. The main Western Region Railway Station, with a good service to and from London, is within a few minutes walk. The possession of a motor car would be of great advantage, but is not essential. Applications, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent at the above address, as soon as possible. Prospective applicants are invited to visit the Hospital, by arrangement.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. Personal Clerk required for Professor of Educational Psychology. Good qualifications and experience, including shorthand and typing required, but post attractive to one interested in the subject. Initial salary £5 to £5 10s., with prospects of promotion to higher grade. Applications in writing by September 17, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

MANAGER or manageress wanted for domestic side of holiday centre (accommodation 120) in Northumberland. Must be willing to take sole responsibility. Salary appropriate to responsibility. An educational and cultural programme is organised in summer months, and the centre caters for conference parties in the winter. Previous experience of hotel or catering work desirable but not essential. Cottage available if required. Full particulars from Box 5835.

MARRIED couple, no children, required to fill positions of Host Manager and Hostess Manageress at Guest House in Peak District. Host should be keen rambler, good social organiser; Hostess should have experience catering for numbers, staff organisation and control. Ages 25 to 40. Commencing salaries £204 and £156 respectively, plus full residential emoluments. Box 5869.

LARGE Trade Union Office (Westminster District) has the following vacancies: 1. Confidential Secretary and General Office Clerk (Adult Female); 2. Qualified Adult Finance Clerk (Male or Female). Commencing salary £6 12s. 6d. per week, rising to £7 12s. 6d. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m. alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 5794.

QUINN Square Social Centre, Morley St., S.W.1. Club Leader, preferably experienced woman 30-35, for Junior Extension work. Secretarial experience an asset. Resident salary £195 × £15 to £250; residential emoluments equal to £130. Applications to Deputy Warden, 44 Nelson Sq., S.E.1.

COMMUNITY School requires qualified teacher, general subjects 10-15, teaching efficiently in cordial atmosphere, residential or not. Burnham Scale. Westhope Manor School, Craven Arms, Salop.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TRAINED Nurse, to act as Assistant Matron wanted for Margate Holiday Home. Apply Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

REQUIRED by important Jewish Communal Organisation, organiser with initiative, energy and driving force; permanent and excellent prospects for advancement to applicant with ability, qualifications, and keenness; state particulars of age, education, qualifications, experience and salary required. Write Box 5867.

WANTED, part-time Man Club Leader for Junior boys and mixed Youth club in a Settlement, five nights a week and some Saturday mornings. Age 25-35. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Reply in writing, with particulars and testimonials, to Organising Secretary, Time & Talents, 137 Bermondsey St., S.E.1.

NATIONAL Union of Students require the following staff: (1) Warden (man or woman) experienced in household management, catering, able to exercise authority, to take charge of small student hostel; (2) Organizer with administrative experience for Vacation Work Department; (3) Secretarial staff. Write to General Secretary, National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

CAPABLE and experienced Male Warden required for Save the Children Fund Junior Club in South London. Age between 25 and 35. Full particulars and application form, by post, from Donald Sutherland, S.C.F., 20 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

POST offering unusual opportunities vacant. Woman Warden required Holidays and Conference Centre. Experience youth work, household and estate management essential. Sal. £350 p.a. with board and resid. Superannuation. Apply 30 Devonshire St., W.1.

JEWISH Board of Guardians Nursery Teacher (unqualified) required for infants' class, age group 4 to 5 plus, at the Anthony & Annie Muller Residential Open-Air School, Broadstairs. Some out-of-school help reqd. Apply to the Principal Welfare Officer, Health & Convalescence Department, 127 Middlesex Street, London, E.1.

RESIDENT Secretary over 25 required for Children's Home. Knowledge of Committee work and book-keeping an asset. Interest in children essential. Apply with references to The Lady Superintendent, St. George's House, Otley Rd., Harrogate.

SECRETARY required by general manager. Meticulous typing and layout with good shorthand speed taken for granted. The successful applicant would be expected to familiarise herself with the sales and advertising policy of the company and would have considerable opportunity for using own initiative. Above average intelligence and pleasant personality quite essential. Fullest details, including age and salary expected. Box 5875.

LEADING Jewish Organisation requires Secretary for organisational work experience and good knowledge Jewish affairs essential. Box 5920.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts, City or West End. Permanent posts up to £7. Temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

WORKING Cook-Housekeeper for small Home School in country. Happy atmosphere. Good wages. Hill House School, Steeple Claydon, Bletchley.

COOK wanted for Dorking Home with 60 residents. Second cook and adequate kitchen staff kept. Alternatively, couple, where wife would act as cook. Very good bus and train service to London. Apply Matron, The Jewish Home for the Blind, "Rokefield," Westcott, Nr. Dorking, Surrey. Tel. Westcott 13.

COOK required for Guest House, Derbyshire Peak District. Numbers up to 60 guests and staff. Opportunities to join guests' social activities, etc. One full day off per week. Suit one fond of walking and open air, under 40 preferred. Wage £4 per week plus board and lodging. Box 5967.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FIRST-Class secretary (s. t.), wide experience, returned from 3½ years' work abroad, seeks out-of-rut job requiring use of intellect as well as technical skill. Good knowledge French. Miss Black, 2 Crockerton Rd., S.W.17. Bal. 6461.

GENT., educ., good appearance, cultured, responsible business industrial engineering exp., office, corresp., etc.; motorist, photography, 38, sks. suggstns. Box 5464.

FOREIGN correspondent (Press), retired, seeks part-time work. Experienced lecturer, author, literary translator. 8 languages. Would consider full-time if really interesting. Box 5914.

EXECUTIVE or secretarial position sought by lady, business & administrative exp., sh. typ., French, Dutch, German, Spanish, Engl. No Sats. Jewish hols-days. Box 5836.

ARTIST-Schoolmaster, 25, seeks post needing wide artistic experience. Art Shop, Gallery, Publisher, etc. Box 5923.

FIRST-Class Hons. Maths. graduate working M.Sc. seeks job pref. part-time London. R. Maude, 14 St. Michaels Rd., Bedford.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

ARTS graduate, male, 30, first-class literature and philosophy, well travelled, conscientious and enthusiastic jack-of-all-trades, including lecturing, research (completed, hence advert.), social rehabilitative and editorial work, but no commerce, seeks position. Not half-past-five conscious. Box 5858.

YOUNG lady, 24, B.A. Hons. (Lond.), 3 yrs. exp. small publishing house, editorial, etc., competent private secretary (no sh. hand), good appearance, address, seeks post. All offers welcomed. Box 5649.

YOUNG woman, 32, at present in responsible industrial administrative position, seeks progressive post. Architecture, film set, exhibition design and research experience. Box 5775.

LADY, 25, exp. Sec/S. Typist, sks. interesting work in social or scientific sphere (not commercial). Resid. post pref. Box 5753.

PROFESSIONAL man, 52, good organiser, excellent references, seeks work pref. N. England, Scotland, Dublin. Box 5608.

SECRETARIAL services offered by experienced elderly lady just returned from abroad. Shorthand typing, French, German, Spanish, Italian. Miss A. Bolton, 447 Sandygate Rd., Sheffield, 10.

WILL any firm offer suitable permanent employment to Ceylonese (24) educated and knowledge of typing. Possess one year's journalistic experience and two and half years' office experience in Ceylonese Import/Export Business House. Good refs. Box 5915.

MALE, 54, wishes to forsake commercial occupation for one with personal interest. No special qualifications, except integrity; amateur interest in the Arts. Indoors one year's (ing perhaps; typing, car driver); prefers West of England as at present. Free Autumn, 1952. Box 5398.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

HEAL'S have a selection of exclusive carpets and rugs which they have specially designed for use with Contemporary Furniture. Please write for further particulars and patterns. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1394 (ring mornings if possible).

SLENDER Feet? A.A.A., A.A.A. You can be perfectly fitted from over 1,000 pairs always in stock, of special Slim Fitting Physical Culture Fashion Shoes; American sizes 6—12. Elliotts, 112 Westbourne Gr., W.2. Buses 7, 15, 27, 28, 31, 46, 88. BAY 4282.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street" (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

SHIRTS, pyjamas and nightshirts to measure. Your or my material. Also repairs neatly executed. A. Malinow, 48 Great George St., Leeds, 1.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6049.

PARACHUTES. Nylon. Peach, Rose or Light Blue; each panel 36in. × 150in., 2 panels 20s., 4 panels 37s. 6d., 8 panels 72s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 122), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

PARACHUTES. Pure White Heavy English Silk or Primrose Nylon; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top; 2 panels 17s. 6d., 4 panels 32s. 6d., 8 panels 60s. New Irish Linen Lengths. Natural Shade, 6yds. × 24in., each, 24s. 6d.; 6yds. × 32in., each, 29s. New Grey Linen Boxed Mattress Cases (box 4), new, 5in. (a) 6ft. × 2ft. 3in., each, 22s. 6d.; (b) 6ft. × 3ft., each, 28s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Signed Lithographs—Ernst, Lucat, etc., 5gns.; Pharmaceutical chemistry books and instruments, as new. Dead-Acid Bonochord, brand new, offered at half price. Lord Methuen oil painting; Italian Linguaphone (complete), hardly used, £7; Quantity Chemical Glassware with some Chemicals, 1939 H.M.V. Radiogram, 8 change Autochange, excellent condition, can be seen London any time, £25; Green Axminster carpet, 12ft. × 9ft., excellent condition, £18; Flowered Axminster carpet, 12ft. × 9ft., good condition, £15; Regulo Gas-stove, £10; Karrioet, mattress and stand, £3; Whirlwind cleaner, £3; modern Italian Violin, good condition, £50/near offer.

WANTED: Halévy: History English People; French Linguaphone.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Resid. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

LONDON. Bed/brkfast, 10s. 6d. nightly. Comf. quiet hse. 2 min. Tube, 20 min. City & West End. Mrs. F. Boor, Cleff House Hotel, 43 The Grove, N.3. FIN. 5162.

SUNNY bed-sit. rm. N.6 suitable young prof. woman/older student. Box 5847.

2 girls offer 3rd share s.c. flat. Clapham Park. 25s. weekly. Box 5895.

BED-sit. for prof. woman. Mod. block, W.2. Bed & breakfast. Box 5843.

ACCOM. available, double/single room. Cooking facilities/partial board in refined Jewish home. N.W. district. Box 5380.

FURN. room in a modern flat, cen. htg., h. & c.w. basin, use of kitchen, Kensington. Business lady. Phone WESTern 2267.

ACCOMM. in Kens. flat; 2 rooms and bathroom; breakfast, dinner, laundry, mending; morning paper; C.H.W.; C.H. Suit 2 friends, 4½gns. each or 1 person at 7½. Spacious, light, modern. Box 5905.

TO let large attractive single room near Belsize Tube. Box 5938.

LARGE sunny basement room, furnished, kitchenette, use bath. Cheyne Walk, offered in exchange slight morning help invalid lady. Box 5838.

EXCEPTIONALLY nice room; basin, gas-fire, ring. Serv./meals opt. Gd. Cl. res. distr. Suit middle-aged man. Acorn 6126.

COMF. furn. room, 12 mins. tube Oxf. Circus. Suit prof. man or student. £2 5s. p.w., use bath, kit., phone. Mai. 8881 evgs.

WELL-furn. divan bed-sit.-rm. overlkg. park, 10 mins. Sloane Sq. Gas ring, occasional use kitchen. 2gns. Available Sept. Young woman preferred. MAC. 3569.

NEWLY furn. bed-sit.-rm., running water, all conv. £2 p.w. Opp. Dollis Hill Stn. (17 mins. Oxf. Circ.). Gla. 9129.

BAYSWATER. For prof. man/writer. Quiet, central-htd. bed-sit.-rm. in pte. house with garden. Mod. kit. (frig.) and bathrm. shared, const. h.w., phone. 40s. p.w. Box 5777.

YNG. woman will share unpretentious furn. flat with another (preferably musical). Notting Hill. 45s. p.w. incl. Box 5787.

WIMBLEDON (Top of hill). Fully furnished s. contd. flat to let. Dbl. bedrm., sit.-rm., kitchen, bathroom, w.c. 4½gns. a week incl., hot water and light. Box 5976.

TO let, Oct.-Ap., furn. cottage. Daily reach Lon. 2 bdrms., all mod. con., garage. 3gns. wk. Ex. bdrms. available. Box 5804.

TO let, pleasantly furn. flat in country house, large light rooms, kit., bath, c.h.w., gdn. 1 hr. London. Surrey. Box 5709.

FURNISHED 3-bedroomed house on S. Devon coast, Sept. to June, 1952. Reas. rental to very careful tenant. Box 5926.

MEDIUM-sized Cotswold house. 3 rec. 4 bed. 2 B.R. Bechstein Grand. Surrounded by common land. To be let furnished 6 months or longer. Suit able-bodied only. Kitto, Amberley Farm, Stroud, Glos. Tel. Amberley 2129.

WELL furn. house to let; Oct. 16 to May. Remote Suffolk hamlet on sea. 7 rooms, hot water, tel., elec. 4gns. a week. Suitable for author seeking quiet. Box 5887.

FLAT required, 2 rooms (2 single beds), kitchen, bathroom, telephone, 9/12 months from end Sept. Furnished, or partially, or unfurn. £4-£5. Mother, daughter (student). N.W.1-3-8, S.W.1-3-10. Box 5778.

LADY, Civil Servant, London, seeks comf. bed - sit. - room, kitchen (kitchenette), moderate rent. Box 5953.

BACHELOR (Ph.D.) requires rooms and cooking facilities, Hampstead, Edgware district, from November 1. Box 5786.

COUPLE, childless, req. accom., cent. London, from mid-Sept. Self-contd. furn., half or un-furn. flat of 2 rooms, kitchen and bathroom most suitable. Box 5790.

CAMBRIDGE graduate, of scholarly disposition, seeks small, quiet accommodation, Baker St. area. Box 5826.

ALBERT Hall vacinity: girl student requires part board, academic terms. Family preferred. Box 5837.

INDIAN University-going student from respectable family desires accom. in family with part board. London. Box 5852.

SC. 2-3 roomed unfurnished flat required London by married couple. Rent up to £260 p.a. No F. & F. Box 5857.

COUPLE need flat/rooms convenient City and Sutton. Box 5859.

EXPANSIVE ideas, abbrev. means, fam. (2+1) urg. req. unf. home; may buy. Eric Swainson, 31 Wandle Rd., S.W.17.

ARTIST and family desire furnished accom. from mid-October for 6 months or longer. Minimum accom. 2 bedrooms, sitting-room and studio (or large room). Remote situ., near sea pref. Write Clifford-Smith, Bank House, Botesdale, Diss, Norfolk.

YOUNG prof. man reqs. bed-sit. Glasgow area. Pref. some meals. Box 5848.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

YOUNG couple seek flat Central London. Willing purchase F. & F. Unusual offers considered. Box 5872.

RESEARCH Chemist requires 1 or 2 roomed s.c. unfurn. flat in/near Chelsea. H. R. Tietze, 25 Castellain Rd., W.9.

PERSONAL

HAMPSTEAD Choral and Orchestral Society. Choral Section (Conductor, Martindale Sidwell). Rehearsals of Bach's B minor Mass, Mondays at 8 near Hampstead Tube, from Sept. 17. A few vacancies for gd. singers. Apply Hon. Sec., Miss M. Finn, 6 Manor Mansions, Belsize Grove, N.W.3.

L.S.E student reqs. board & accom. each part-time domestic help. Box 5831.

WOMAN writer partially recovered illness wants someone share & run sml. cottage some months from end Oct. Much freedom. Alas, no salary. Frances Bellerby, Furze Cottage, Chawleigh nr. Yelverton, Devon.

DO you need careful caretakers, experienced, short/long periods, couple, wife Scottish, in/near London? Box 5809.

IRISHWOMAN, with son (5), reqs. domestic post 1/2 persons. Sept./Jan. Box 5798.

BOOKSHOP, new and second-hand, main road near theatre, London, E.C., comprising shop, 6 rooms and large studio-storeroom, 10,000 books. Rent 52s. inc., £950 for everything. Box 5788.

YOUNG, intgt. Christian, 9 yrs. commercial stenog., wants any job office/personal, £7, or £3 with board-lodging. Owns 3.5 "Matchless." British refs. Airmail offers: Leslie Rodricks, 62 Commissariat Lines, Karachi, 3.

MIDDLE-aged invalid woman seeks companion (f) for cheap trip to Paris. Modest accommodation near Paris for 2 to 4 weeks provided free. Box 5943.

BACHELOR, independent means, interests art, horticulture, desires accommodation with family similar interests. Box 5806.

PROFESSIONAL tuition Latin, Greek, German, all grades. Box 5803.

BOY, aged 12, promising pianist, receiving free piano tuition, is held back by straitened home circumstances, having no piano on which to practise. Would kind benefactor present upright piano, carriage paid to Birmingham. Write to B. Bartleet, 44 Third Avenue, Birmingham, 29.

FRENCH tapestry (gobelin) and oriental carpet-weaving taught classes or privately by Continental expert teacher. Write Box 5699.

FRENCH, Spanish, Engl. by able specialist. Personal adaptation to your needs. Children/adults all stages. Speech improvement. F. J. Vehils, F.I.L., 3 Sussex Pl., W.2.

ENJOY a pleasant experience learning to paint professionally at home by post. Expert exhibiting artists academically qualified will help beginners through every phase of drawing and painting. Modest fee. Also day & evening painting classes at Portland Place, W.1. Box 5071.

TRANSINTERPRETERS. Main European languages. Quick accurate service. Tuition Spain, Germ—natives. TER. 3586.

SKI-ING Holidays—Munich and Salzburg—For the beginners as well as the experts. All-in cost for ten days under £20. Groups leaving February and March, make sure you get all details from I.U.S.S. Travel Service, 21 Stratton Ground, S.W.1, or telephone Abbey 6894.

LINGUAFILM Classes (French, Spanish, Italian, German, Russian, English for Foreigners) resume Oct. 1 at 13 Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1. Demonstration-lessons during Sept. For details please write or call.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

ITALIAN Sunshine: Come and join a small party young professional people to Lake Garda and Venice, Sept. 21; also similar party Oct. 5. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

"THE Wines of Chile." Write or telephone for a free copy of this interesting brochure to Gardner, Ltd., 23 King's College Rd., London, N.W.3. PRI. 7191/2.

"BUT to have lain and loved the sun. . . ." You can sunbathe all the year on the terrace of our Menton villa. Seabathe in the Mediterranean, too, till November. Visitors welcomed. Box 5130.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, 15 days. Informal small group escorted but not herded, leaves September 29. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

ECONOMICAL planning has reduced many holiday prices. Winter sports, rambling or sightseeing, planned in an unusually pleasant way for people who like company or for those who travel fastest alone, in ten different countries. Programme from Ramblers' Assn., 48(a) Park Rd., Baker Street, N.W.1.

AUTUMN Holidays in the Sun.—Alassio, Finale Marina, Cap d'Antibes (Riviera); Malcesine (Garda), San Feliu (Spain); Lucerne & many others. All £34 for 15 days incl. Always Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. Chan. 6436/7.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Köllerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

PERSONAL—*continued*

FRANCE. Holidays with French families on F.G. basis; Biarritz, Burgundy, Normandy, Paris, etc.; 5 to 8 gns. p.w. Also educational home-to-home exchanges organised for young people all year round. Details: Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. 'Phone PRI. 1370 (before 6 p.m.).

SHORT Story Writing. Send 21d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

SPAIN. Costa Brava, Barcelona, 15 days. Informal leisurely holiday on sunny coast. Small modern party leaves Sept. 29. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

LOOK younger, live longer! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime, with hydro, electro and dietetic treatments, in a delightful bijou Guest House, will restore your mental and physical poise with added vigour. Folder: Vernon Symonds, "The Brocklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Nets, 8 Flat, 102 Great Tichfield St. W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

SHIRT doctor. Exceptionally skilful work. Collars, cuffs a speciality. Moderate charges. Write first to Box 5568.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, meetings, Classes. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

P.S. Altitude, spirits, life and links will be high! But costs will be low! !

P.P.S. If you are a student, or an ex-student of recent vintage, get on Harold Ingham's mailing list for Ski-parties in Switzerland. Write away right away to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

WHERE TO STAY

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Cent. Manor, in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock and Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

HASTINGS 4571. The Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, is open all year round. Congenial atmosphere, optima conditions. Competitive terms and further reductions for groups.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to Britain's good hotels, inns, guesthouses. Post free with Supplement. 3s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Comfort and good food. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Hooam, Sussex.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel 33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 7-8gns. wkly., 6gns. Winter, inclusive. Tel. 1944.

AUTUMN Holidays. Book now for sunny S. Devon and Cornwall. Inclusive terms from £4 4s. week, single. Comfortable, good food, well recommended. Illustrated brochure 18, Bishop, Fairfield Guest House, Dawlish, Devon. Tel. 2151.

LONDON. "West Court," Earls Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, min. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObisher 6492.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Jersey Herd. Surf-bathing Polzeath until November. Golf St. Enodoc. Port Isaac 234.

IDEAL for late autumn holidays. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with h. & c. and gas fires, delightful surroundings, cosy evenings round the fire.

PEAK District, Derbyshire. Centre for walking. Vacs. Sept. The Warren, Edale.

RYE (near). The Mill, Iden, Sussex, welcomes guests—long or short stays. Quiet restful surroundings. Full partics. from Mr. Grahame James. Tel. Iden 205 Mill.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac. The Lawns Hotel, overlooking Bay and 13 miles of coastal scenery. Thoroughly recommended. Few vacancies September. Terms 5½gns. Write for Brochure. Tel. 291.

STEANBRIDGE, quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley, welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country. Large garden; home-grown produce; garage. Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmbrook 42.

FRENCH Riviera: Hotel Sévigné, Roquebrune, Cap Martin. Flowered terrace overlooking sea. Ideal climate. Excel. cuisine. Mod. charges. 1,000 yards from Monte-Carlo Casino. Open all year. R. Prévot.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

BURCOT, Oson. Croft House Hotel. Two double rooms vacant autumn and winter or permanent. Central heating. Spring interior beds. Paces south. Grounds 4½ acres.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel, for the loveliness of early Autumn. A.A. recommended. Immediately above sea, in 3 acres grounds. Modern comfort; excellent "home cooking." Tel. 316.

ISLE of Wight. Summer lasts longer at Farringford Hotel—a delightful spot for a restful holiday in the lovely Isle of Wight. Lic. A.A. and R.A.C. apptd. Details from Dept. FAR/1/FZ, Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Berkeley Street, London, W.1, or Branches, or offices of Dean & Dawson, Ltd.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. A really comfortable place to spend the winter. Good food, lovely furniture and a friendly atmosphere. Tel.: Sharpthorne 17.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

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LIMITED stocks: Memoirs of Hecate County, 12s. 6d.; Festival at Farbridge, 15s.; Boswell's London Journal, 21s.; Look Younger, Live Longer, 12s. 6d.; Kon-Tiki Expedition, 12s. 6d.; Rape to Live, 10s. Postage 9d. extra—orders over 40s. post free. Write for general book list. Thomas and Co. (GNS), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace" 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Beadon Rd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN literature wanted and sold by Continental Book Supply, 58A Whitechurch Lane, E.1.—Postal business only.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Bücher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W 14. FUL. 7924.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 8gns., K.G. 11gns., Junior and Senior School 18gns.

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WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.–12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

ARTS (Tom. 3334) (ex. Mon.), Sat., Sun., 5 & 8. "Saint's Day." Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. "The Germans," Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Members only.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until Sept. 16: in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" (U). From Paris Waltz" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sept. 16, 7.30. "Down With Riches" (A) (Italian).

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. New Soviet film. The Distant Bride. Wed., Sept. 19, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Educ. Cttee: B.S.F.S.

SOVIET Film "Adventures in Bokhara" and speaker just back from U.S.S.R. Islington Town Hall, Upper St., N.1. Mon., Sept. 24, 7.30. Tkts.: 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Segal, 304 St. Pauls Rd., N.1. Islington B.S.F.S. Ed. Cttee.

NEW Era Film Club. New East German Feature Film, "Rotation." "Power in the Land" (U.S.A.). Joris Ivens, "Carmen," East German Puppet Film, 35mm. show in Central London Theatre. Book early. Members 3s. 6d., guests 4s. 6d. Fri. Sept. 21 at 7.30. Details tkts. and membership: A. Miller, 143 Englefield Rd., N.1.

TALIESIN P.M.G.: 1st Autumn Meeting. Ron Campbell, Clifford Dyment, and Rob Lyle reading: Songs by Peter Upcher, discur and traditional ballad-singer. September 18 and alternate Tuesdays. 6.20, Friends House, Euston Road.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LAN. 6593). Gramophonic Recital, new recordings, Polish Folk Music and Chopin's music, played by Halina Stefanska. Friday, Sept. 14 at 7.45 p.m. 81 Portland Place, W.1.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Lan. 6593). Dancing on two floors. Sat., Sept. 15, 7.45-11 p.m. 81 Portland Place, W.1. All welcome. Refreshments. Admission: members 2s., guests 3s.

INTERNATIONAL Dance, Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Sat. 15th at 8 p.m. Buffet. Adm. 1s. 6d.

THE International Youth Centre presents a Grand Social, Sunday, Sept. 16, 8 p.m. Dancing. 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.1. 49 bus to Albert Bridge. Adm. 2s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Studio Group "At Home." Entertainments, etc. Visitors 3s. 6d. (including Buffet). Wed., Sept. 19, 7.30 p.m.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Post St., S.W.1. Dance, Sat., Sept. 15, 7.30-11. Ted Mac's Band. Adm., members 2s. 6d., friends accompanied by members, 3s. 6d. Refreshments included. Licensed bar for members only.

DANCE organised by Central London Fabian Society, Sat., Sept. 15, 7.30-11.15 p.m., at St. Martin's School of Art, 109 Charing X Rd., W.C.2. Adm. 4s. by ticket; members and friends of Fabian Society only.

ALL Nations Social Club. Dance at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Chris. Stone's Orchestra. 7.30-11.30 Sat., Sept. 22. Tickets 4s. 6d. at door. Non-members welcome.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints, full range on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1, daily 9-6 and on Sat. mornings. New catalogue now published, price 6d.

NATIONAL Exhibn. of Children's Art. Paintings, Craft. R.I. Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-5 Wkdys. 1s. Children 6d.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6. Sun. 2.30-6.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 20 Bruton St., W.1. 19th & 20th Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30; Sats 10-1. Last week.

R.B.A. Gallery, 6 Suffolk St., S.W.1. Ten Decades. Review of British taste from most academic to most advanced. 10-5 dly.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Ceri Richards and Denis Mathews. Also contemporary English & French paintings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITION of Ceramic Figures by Audrey Blackman, on the 4th Floor, Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily 10-7 inc. Sundays. Admission 1s. 6d. Children 6d.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Part II of Artists of Fame and Promise. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove. Paintings by Rodney Gladwell. Till Sept. 29. 10 a.m. 5 p.m., except Suns.

ANNUAL Exhibition of Six Young Contemporaries: A Selection from the Art School of Great Britain. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ROYAL West of England Academy, Bristol. 99th Annual Exhibition. An "open" exhibition will be held from November 2 to December 15, 1951. Sending-In Days October 5 and 6. Application for Forms to: Organising Secretary, Royal West of England Academy, Queen's Rd., Bristol, 8.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. First English Exhibition of Sculpture by Mitzi Solomon Cunliffe. Recent Paintings by John Melville. Until October 6.

TRADITIONAL Art from the Colonies. Colonial Office Festival Exhibition, Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Until September 30. Admission free.

THREE Centuries of British Watercolours and Drawings. An Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till Oct. 10. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open-Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk dly. Last day Sept 30. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

SICKERT Exhibition, South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. 10-6. Sats. 10-5. Free.

A. S. Hartrick. A Memorial Exhibition of Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Sept. 29. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6., Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Free.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, W.14. Recent paintings by Erich Meissner (of Gordonstoun). Sept. 10-29. Week-days 10-5. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WORLD Government Public Meeting, Kingsway Hall. Wed., Sept. 26, 6.30 for 7 p.m. Lord Boyd Orr, Lord Beveridge, Gen. Riiser-Larsen (Norway); M. Robert Buron (French Minister of Information); Prof. Hans Thirring (Austrian Atomic Scientist); J. J. Paman, M.P., Henry Usborne, M.P. Chairman: Gilbert McAllister, M.P. Admission free. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. from: World Govt. Parliamentary Association, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

HAROLD Wilson, M.P., on "Economic Prospects." St. Marylebone Fabian Society Dinner-Meeting, Tuesday, Sept. 18, at 7 p.m., Cyprus Restaurant, 102 Baker St., W.1. Members 4s. 6d.; non-members 5s. Bookings, 'phone CUN. 6546.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association invites graduates & members of professional bodies to a Reception at the Embassy Hotel, 150 Bayswater Rd., W.2. on Sun., Sept. 23, 7.30. Complimentary tickets obtainable from Hon. Sec., 31 St. Mark St., E.1.

KINGSLEY Martin, Editor, "New Statesman," will speak at Peace With China rally in Lauriston Hall, Edinburgh, Saturday, Sept. 15, at 7.30 p.m., and McLellan Galleries, Glasgow, Sunday, Sept. 16, at 7.30 p.m. Collection.

A. E. COPPARD, Compton Mackenzie, A. A. G. Strong, Naomi Lewis (Chair) read own work: I.C.A., 17, Dover St., Piccadilly, Sept. 25, 7.30 p.m. Tickets (7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.) from Authors' World Peace Appeal, 50 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

ST. John Ervine on "Bernard Shaw," Saturday, September 15 at 3 p.m. Catherine Lacey and Richard Ainley, readings from Elizabethan Dramatists, org. by the Apollo Society for the National Book League, Thursday, September 20 at 6.15 p.m., Lecture Hall, Victoria and Albert Museum in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

1934 & 1951. Prof. H. Levy compares his two impressions of the U.S.S.R. Thurs., Sept. 20, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

MISS Charlotte Woods will speak on "The Art of Living" at Caxton Hall, Room 15, Sept. 20, at 7.30 p.m.

"WHAT Do You Think? What Do You Know?" A Group of Young People investigating Life meet every Friday, 7 p.m. 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 11 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Sept. 16: Sound Mind in Sound Body.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Sept. 16: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Victorians and Ourselves." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Overseas visitors cordially welcomed.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Sept. 19, 6.30. "Mysticism & Rationalism in Buddhist Thought." Dr. D. Friedman.

VEDANTA Society Lectures on Systems of Indian Philosophy by Swami Avyaktananda. 51 Lancaster Gate, London, W.2. Every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. Also Meditation Class on Bhagavad Gita every Sun., 7 p.m. All welc.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Sept. 17th: Lecture on Architecture (Maxwell Fry). 19th: Discussion "Education through Art." 24th: Film Programme "La Règle du Jeu" (Renoir). 26th: Platform for Poets. 28th: Tribute to Schoenberg. Speakers inc.: William Walton, Alan Rawsthorne.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Monday September 17, 7.30 p.m., at "The Porcupine," 48 Charing X Rd., W.C.2. "Education To-day—A Socialist's Dilemma": James Johnson, M.P. Adm. 1s. 6d.

SHAW Society. Speakers: "Sanitarius," Kathleen Lonsdale on Moscow, Compton Mackenzie, &c. Discussions, ramble, bulletin: apply 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

THE Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Lecture on the Influence of 19th Century England on Polish Progressive Thought. Fri., Sept. 21, at 7.45 p.m. Speaker: R. Ainsztein. All welcome.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Post St., S.W.1. Tuesday, Sept. 18, 7.45. Speaker: Mrs. Beatrice King on "The Education of Handicapped Children in Czechoslovakia." Chairman: Mrs. Hetty Bower. Adm. free, all welcome.

"SIGNS of the Times," Professor Z. N. Zeine, Prof. of History, American University, Beirut, will give the last talk in this series entitled "God Passes By," at Caxton Hall, Kent Room, Westminster, S.W.1, on Mon., Sept. 17, at 7.30 p.m. Adm. free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Mr. A. T. Pilley, "Experiences in the Middle East." Sept. 22, at 6 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. Sept. 18: Mr. Kenneth Walker on "Western Psychology and Vedanta." All welcome.

LUNCH Hour Talks, Caxton Hall, Tuesdays at 1 p.m. Sept. 18: Commander Crema. Sept. 25: Spiritual Training of the Mind.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FOREIGN Policy Week-end, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, October 19-21. Director: R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., with Christopher Mayhew, M.P., and Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P. Applications, enquiries: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies (University Extension Courses). Several residential week-end courses have been arranged for the session 1951-52 to take place at Battle of Britain House, Northwood; Windermere House, Croydon; and Haslemere Educational Museum. The inclusive charge is approximately 21s. Subjects included are: The Audience and Cinema; Aspects of British Foreign Policy in the Western World; Man's Place in the Universe (a series of five courses); The Geology of the Weald; Adult Education (a series of four courses). A complete list of all courses may be obtained from the Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, W.C.1.

SOCIAL Integration in a Camp Community: A contribution to education and youth work. A. R. Cobb. Sept. 28-30. Brazniers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. University Extension Courses.—The following are some of the evening courses arranged for the session 1951-52, commencing in September: English Humour and Satire; Ornithology; Art of Renaissance; Social Anthropology; The Music of Vaughan Williams; Horticultural Entomology; Chinese Culture and Civilisation; History from Original Sources. Many of the University Extension Courses, some residential, will be held at Centres in London and the Home Counties. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Extra-Mural Department, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Lectures. Logic, Epistemology, Metaphysics, Psychology, Ethics, Natural Theology, New Testament, Christian Concept of God, Christian Institutions and Social Life, Thought of Carlyle, Newman, Freedom in the Welfare State. Prospectus from the Registrar, Newman Association, 31 Portman Sq., W.1. WEL. 9958.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 24. (Enrolment 5.30-8 p.m.) Evening lectures and classes for men and women in Politics, Economics, Current Affairs, English Language & Literature, Philosophy & Psychology, Science, Music, Theatre School, Art, Languages, Dancing & Fencing. From 12s. 6d. a yr. Details Sec. (WAT. 6872).

CROYDON. Ten-week Course in Basic Economics & Social Philosophy begins Wednesday, September 26, 7.30 p.m. at Adult School, Park Lane, Croydon. No fees. Phone ABBey 6665 or write Henry George School, 4, Great Smith St., S.W.1.

BECOME Your Own Economist. Autumn Term of classes in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begins on Tuesday and Thursday, Sept. 25 and 27, at 7 p.m., at Westminster. The Course lasts ten weeks (attend once weekly on either day). No fees. Write for full particulars to: Henry George School of Social Science, 4, Gt. Smith St., S.W.1, or telephone Abbey 6665.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

A WEEK-END Training Course on Rudolf Steiner Education for teachers and others begins Fri., Sept. 28. For details & syllabus apply Training Course Sec., Waldorf School (Hampstead), 104 Fitzjohn's Av., N.W.3.

ECONOMICS. Twelve-lecture course planned to explain basic principles of economic science. Evgs. 7 to 9. Begins September 17. Fee 1 guinea. Enrol now or ask for further information. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., S.W.1. TRA. 6415.

"LEISURE-TIME" Courses in: Marriage and the Home, The Bible in a Scientific Age, Background to Philosophy, Literature Art of Writing, Foreign Background, Story of London, Travel, Art, Music, Drama, Languages, Crafts, Cookery (Men & Women), Folk and Old Time Dancing, Canteen, Common Room and Library, at Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1 (EUS. 1816). Term starts Mon., Sept. 24. Enrolment Mon., Sept. 17. Syllabus from Warden.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1 (nr. Russell Sq.). Autumn term begins October 1. Classes for Beginners and Students of all grades. Individual tuition. All particulars from Secretary. Holborn 6770.

SPANISH. Hispanic Council term begins Sept. 24. Portuguese Language Committee term begins Oct. 3. Evening classes for students at all stages. Details: Educational Director, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses, September, October. Day & Evening Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Square, W.1. GRO. 7347.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College for Educated Men and Women. Director, R. W. Holland, O.B.E., M.A., M.Sc., LL.D. Comprehensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments. Intensive business course for those seeking administrative appointments in business. Prospectus or interview on application to Secretary, 61 & 62 Bayswater Rd., W.2. Tel. PADdington 3320.

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MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke Street, W.1. MAYfair 6626, provides Training for High Grade Secretarial Posts. New courses commence Oct. 1.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 294 and 297

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